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Original Poetry.

"THAT SONG."

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY S. D. ANDERSON.

I heard her sing that song at home,
Beneath our sunny sky,
When time, like to a dream of love
Went musically by.
The wild bird's song was sweeter then,
And balmier was the air;
Life was in richer vestments clad,
Because thy home was there.

I heard her sing that song again,
The bud now blushed a flower,
And love had stamp'd his holy seal
Upon the op'ning hour.
I stood beside that cherished one,
Love's melody to share;
And thought that this was all the world,
Because thy home was there.

I heard her sing that song—the last—
That fell upon my ear,
And whilst the strains seem'd lingering still,
They laid her on her bier.
I watched her as they wreath'd the flowers
Among her clustering hair,
And then I prayed to sleep with death,
Because her home was there.

I heard that song again when time
Had dried the lone one's tears;
But lain no second gift upon
The whims of early years.
They sang it; and the same sweet strain
Of music fill'd the air;
To me it seem'd the spell of heaven,
Because thy home is there.

SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY HENRY MORFORD.

They are coming, they are coming,
And their voices echo here,
But they cannot bring her with them
As they brought her but last year.
We shall miss her in the garden,
We shall miss her by the vine,
We shall miss her where the ringlets
Of the fairy dancers shine.

They are coming, they are coming,
And they come with song and glee,
But they little know how sadly
Falls their mirth to you and me.
Bright as ever in the circle
Are fair form and happy face,
But they only make us sadder
When we see a vacant place.

They are coming, they are coming,
How I wish they would not leave
The wild flowers that we planted
To be withering on her grave.
I could miss their pleasant faces,
And their sunny smiles, to stay
By the grave that is so lonely,
While they dance and sing away.

Original Novel.

THE SOUTHERN WHIG; A Romance of the AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE OLD LOYALIST," "LEAVES FROM A LAWYER'S PORT FOLIO," &c. &c.

CHAPTER IX.

"A dark, low brawny man was he—
His law—'it is my way.'"—*R. H. Dana.*

The rapidity with which his captors moved, soon carried Somers out of reach of the hunting party, and, after a sharp ride of an hour, they emerged from the forest, and leaving the hilly country behind began to travel an unfrequented road through a low sandy plain. Our hero still remained bound, and was now guarded on either hand by one of his captors, while the other rode a few hundred yards ahead as if to reconnoitre. In this order they travelled until late in the afternoon, avoiding the more public roads, often, as it seemed to Somers, taking a circuitous route for this purpose. The exact course they pursued he had no means of ascertaining, for the district was wholly unknown to him, but he supposed they were bound for the lower country, where there still remained numerous tories, with here and there a detachment of royal troops.

The night was rapidly approaching, and the sun had been already lost to sight behind the tall pines of the forest through which their path now lay, when suddenly the horseman in advance halted at a turn of the road, and immediately the sound of approaching hoofs was heard. The two guards stopped, and seizing the bridle rein of Somers, awaited only a sign from their companion to dash into the woods for concealment, when a hail was heard from the strangers, followed by the voice of their comrade in hearty recognition.

"They are friends—Captain Tucker, and his men—ride on," said he looking back.

The guards of our hero now pushed forward, and in a minute the prisoner was surrounded by the party of new comers, a band of as ruffianly looking men as he would have expected to meet in the deserts of Arabia. They were all armed, and eyed him sullenly, but without any word, except such as were whispered among themselves. Meantime the leader of the party which had captured him was engaged in a conversation apart with the captain of the larger band, the result of which was that, in a few minutes, they recommenced their march, and, after a half hour's ride, halted in the forest, where apparently they intended bivouacing for the night. Somers had now no doubt as to the hands into which he had fallen. He knew he was a prisoner among one of those predatory bands of tories which infested the country, plundering the weak and defenceless, and committing other acts of even greater atrocity. Nor could he have been in worse hands. It was evident not only that his rank was known, but that his capture had been planned and executed for some purpose as yet a secret to him, though the dark hints thrown out when he was first overpowered pointed to a speedy and ignominious death. Conscious of this, he had, during the day, watched for the slightest appearance of carelessness on the part of his captors, that would warrant an attempt to escape; but in vain. And now, as the refugees began their preparations for the bivouac, the feeling of despair—that most fearful of all feelings for a brave man—rose within him. He felt that it is one thing to be free to meet danger face to face, and another thing to be bound hand and foot and thrown like a dog into the shambles.

The tories began by fastening their horses to the branches of neighboring trees, and suspending their cloaks on boughs to keep off the dews, and then proceeded to make preparations for the evening meal. While this was doing the two leaders maintained their conversation apart, occasionally directing glances at the prisoner. Once a third person joined them, and the three remained in secret conference for some time, but though the two leaders often glanced at Somers, he noticed that the third studiously avoided turning his face around. This excited our hero's suspicions, and he strove to recall to mind whether or not the man's person was known to him. He was struck immediately with something in it that seemed familiar, but it was not until the conference was nearly over that a resemblance between this person's figure and that of Manvers' servant flashed across him. At first he was inclined to dismiss the idea as preposterous, for, strange to relate, no suspicion of Manvers' agency in his capture had yet occurred to him; and perhaps he would altogether have discarded the idea, if the person, in turning to leave the two leaders, had not revealed a momentary glimpse of his face, when Somers felt almost assured that it was the countenance of the groom that he saw. He now reviewed all the events as they had transpired, in order to ascertain if Manvers could have had any agency in his capture; and as he recalled to mind his early suspicions of this man's character, and remembered that his rival had not only fixed the day of the hunt, but shown a remarkable anxiety to assign him the best position in the chase, his sudden suspicion amounted well nigh to a certainty. And if indeed, Manvers had instigated his arrest, and this was his groom, had not Somers to fear the worst? The character of his capturers, joined to the appearance of design in their proceedings left him nothing to hope. He had but one trust, and that was, that his faithful follower would by some means come to his aid.

He was still speculating gloomily on his position when the evening meal was served, and one of his late guards brought him a portion of it to eat. He had but little appetite, yet he forced down the food, determined that his feelings of anxiety should not be observed. The refugees now began their potations, and many of them were speedily under the influence of the liquor, so that, in a short space of time, the late silent forest rang with ribald jests, coarse oaths, and bacchanalian songs. This, with a more regular force or under circumstances less safe, would not have been allowed; but the commander of the desperadoes knew that it would be impossible to restrain his followers in a place and at a time like the present. Many of the refugees were already extended on the ground, perfectly stupified with their potations, when the two leaders again made their appearance, they having, since the evening meal, been absent from the bivouac. The captain of the refugees now approached Somers.

"You are a lieutenant in the rebel cavalry," he said, addressing our hero, "at present on a mission to the upper country. What is the nature of that mission?"

Somers looked at the speaker a moment without answering, for the question was one which no soldier of honor would have addressed to another, and could only be a pretext for employing violent measures against himself. He saw nothing in the aspect of the tory leader to remove the conviction he entertained that his life was to be sacrificed. The refugee was a short, thick-set, rugged looking ruffian, with a low, retreating forehead, shaggy eye-brows, a mouth of the most sensual order, a bull neck, and an air of determined ferocity in his countenance. His face was red, as if he was habitually intemperate. He waited a minute for an answer and then repeated his question in a louder tone and with the addition of more than one oath.

"My rank and, I suppose, my name appear to be known here. To stand on a footing of perfect equality," replied Somers calmly, for his spirits rose the instant he had some tangible peril to encounter; "I should know the name of my questioner, why I was kidnapped, and the object of my present detention."

"By heaven, my young fighting-cock," retorted the ruffian, "we will find a way to make you more civil, or else to silence you forever. Do you know there is such a thing as a rope at hand, while any bough hereabouts will answer for a beam, and we can find hangmen enough in the camp, even if I should have to turn one myself for the occasion."

"As you will—to God and not to me must you answer for what you do. But," he continued, not unwilling to make any effort for his life consistent with honor, "think well what you are about. My capture cannot have passed unnoticed, for my servant, if no one else, is ere this on our trail, and he will be up with you before another day, bringing a force against which yours cannot stand a minute. If you execute me in this summary way, your own lives will not be worth a farthing. If, on the contrary, I am unharmed, you will receive the treatment only of prisoners of war; and I need not tell you that captivity is more preferable than death."

The refugee laughed scornfully and replied,

"A pithy argument if we grant all you ask—eh! but a wise lawyer you would have made if you had been brought up to hanging other men instead of being hanged yourself. But come, my young buck, let us first look at the facts. You say we will be pursued, of that we," and he turned with a chuckle to his confederate, "know more than you do; but I don't wonder that one who is fool enough to run into a trap should be fool enough to think he can get out of it." Somers started, for this taunting remark confirmed his suspicions of foul play on the part of Manvers. But the refugee continued. "Nor, even if pursued, is it so easy a thing to catch us. If I know any thing of the country you left, it will take your servant full twenty-four hours before he can rake together rebels enough to equal our force, and by that time we shall be far enough away from here. Besides," he added, "we are not the men to be whipt even by twice our number of raw militia men. So you see, my brave, I've the best of the argument, as well as the best of our relative positions, and, if you take the advice of a wiser man than yourself, you'll answer at once my questions."

Somers' blood boiled at the insulting tone and language of the tory leader, and had his arms been unbound would have asked nothing better than to fell the ruffian to the earth by a blow, and then take his chance for life. But, situated as he was, he had no means of resenting the speech, and was forced to smother his indignation as much as possible in his own bosom. He replied, however,

"I know I cannot be in the presence of any regularly commissioned British officer, for, enemies though they are, they are men of honor, and know what is due to their prisoners as well as to themselves. If I am, as I suspect, in an outlaw's hands, I am aware I have nothing to expect but the treatment such ruffians accord. If women and children are the objects of their cowardly warfare what can a disarmed and kidnapped prisoner do?"

"Now by G—" broke forth the officer, "this is too much. You ruffle your feathers well, my game cock, but we'll cut your comb for you yet. Ho! Thornton, you villain, bring us a rope—you've a knack for hanging and we'll make you provost marshal. And now, sir," he continued sneeringly, turning to his victim, "will you, like a coward, say your prayers or die at once like a brave man."

The call of the ruffianly leader had aroused the men from their cups and drawn the tories in a crowd around the victim, who stood, confronting his capturer, in the centre of the group. Awful as were the feelings of Somers—for what sensible being, however brave, does not shudder at the notion of an instant and violent death!—he did not betray any unmanly fear in his demeanor. He neither sank at the feet of the refugee, nor uttered any vain petitions for mercy; and though perhaps his cheek turned a shade paler, the twilight around concealed this from sight. There he stood firm and erect, his eye quailing not before that of his murderer, who confronted him in the hope of detecting some momentary weakness. But the proud bearing of the victim, though it drew forth admiration from more than one spectator, failed to touch any chord in the brutal breast of the tory leader. If anything his rage was increased by the calm resolution with which Somers awaited his doom. His face grew white with passion, and the froth actually flew from his mouth as he shouted.

"Make haste, you varlet—bring a horse girth if nothing else is at hand," adding with an oath too horrid to repeat, "if he wishes to pray let him wait till he gets nearer heaven than now."

Somers had remained silent hitherto, for he saw that expostulation was useless; besides the tumult of feelings in his own bosom caused by the near approach of death, disinclined him to speak. All the events of his life, waking from the recesses in his memory where they had long lain forgotten, hurried in review before him. Even Eveline, in that awful moment, was only remembered for an instant, to be dismissed for more serious considerations. Each and all its interests, its cares and delights, its joys and sorrows, its ties and affections, were cast from his mind; and, remembering the Eternity in which he was so soon to stand, he raised his thoughts heavenward in a brief prayer. He was recalled partially to earth by the approach of his executioner with the rope, but, knowing that resistance would be useless, he suffered the fatal cord to be affixed around his neck without a struggle. His hasty prayer finished he looked up.

"I call God to witness," he said, "that I die a true American, charged with no crime, but murdered in cold blood, and not given time even to prepare for death—"

"Away with him—stop the canting rebel's mouth—to yonder bough with the traitor," roared the ruffianly tory, hoarse with rage. "But stay," he added, laughing more like a demon than a man, "since he asks for time to whine out his prayers, we will tie his hands upwards, in the true saintly style, and hoist him up to pray like a parson in his pulpit."

Half drunken as were most of the refugees, this blasphemous proposal was received with a cry of shame only by one or two, while the rest of the spectators burst into a laugh of brutal delight, and called out for the execution of their captain's proposal. Even to this last indignity their victim submitted without a murmur, for his thoughts were now free from all concern about sublunary things. At the foot of the tree his murderers paused an instant to adjust the rope, and the hoarse word of command which was to send him into eternity had already partially issued from the tory leader's lips, when suddenly a whistling sound was heard, followed instantaneously by the sharp crack of a rifle, and the executioner and his principal assistant leapt in the air and fell dead almost at the feet of Somers. Ere the quick sound of that rifle had died on the ear, before a second pulsation of the heart could take place, a rush was heard, a clear, loud huzza rose on the air, and the steady tramp of a score of men, breaking from the surrounding underwood, went by. On the instant, as if by magic, the ring, lately occupied only by the victim and his immediate executioners, was filled with strange faces, pistols were discharged, swords rattled in the melee, shouts, groans, shrieks and curses were intermingled in wild confusion, and, ere Somers could fully comprehend the means, his bonds were cut, and his faithful follower Eph had grasped his hand, while his late capturers lay weltering in their gore, or could be heard trampling through the brushwood in their frantic flight.

"Huzza! Huzza!" shouted the delighted follower, "You're all safe, are you? That's what I call eleventh-hour-salvation, leftenant. The bloody ruffians! But we've cut them up like mince-meat, and those that git off, if any do, will be so skeered that they won't stop runnin' till the day of judgment. Hurrah!" and he skimmed his cap into the air, and even sang in his joy, a thing he was never known to do before or afterwards.

CHAPTER X.

"When we two parted."—*Byron.*

In less than a quarter of an hour the field of conflict was entirely in the possession of the rescuers of Somers, the tories being all slain or captured, with the exception of a few, who springing on their horses at the first appearance of the foe made good their escape. Among the slain were the two leaders, and the suspected groom of Manvers. The dead body of this personage immediately attracted Eph's attention, and going up to it he stood a moment scrutinizing the features, now, however, distorted by the agonies of a violent death.

"It's the villain, that's sartain," he said, musing to himself, "Here's the same knavish face, and sneaking look. But it's the end I know'd you'd come to, for those that meddles with devilry is sure to taste brimstone some time or other. Leftenant," and he beckoned to Somers, "you know the rogue I see, and admit now that I was in the right when I said I didn't like his looks. But he's dead, poor dog, when perhaps he wasn't half so bad as him that set him on. When we git in motion I'll tell you all about the villainy of that fellow's master—just now we must be looking after the spiles, which I take to be the best end of the fight."

The victors now set to work. The prisoners were bound, a detachment left to guard them, and then the party began its return to the upper country. While these preparations were going on, Somers had learned that he had been rescued by a party of Marion's men, whom Eph had opportunely discovered. Before they were mounted, one of the party, whose dress our hero had noticed was that of a dragoon, approached him and handing a packet, stated that it contained despatches for Lieutenant Somers from head quarters. On opening the letter addressed to him, our hero found that the packet was to be carried by him, in person, to the northern army, and that no time was to be lost in forwarding the despatches. The thought of Eveline instantly crossed the lover's mind. Must he leave her to the machinations of one who had proved himself a villain? Ought he not to warn her of the character of Manvers? But would he have time to diverge from the journey for this purpose? If he was to ride by forced marches, surely he could make up the time lost in a hasty visit to Staunton Hall. These considerations flashing across his mind, he turned to the dragoon.

"How long have these despatches been in your hands?"

"I was ordered to deliver them to you last night, and reached Staunton Hall accordingly, but found you absent. As I was told to lose no time, and not to part with the packet except to yourself personally, I followed you to the hills. Luckily I there fell in with the party which had just started to rescue you."

Somers mused a minute. A day had been already lost, and the letter informed him that the despatches were of the utmost importance. Whatever might be the force of the reasons which would take him to Staunton Hall, they must, he felt, give way to his duty to his country. Besides, if Manvers was indeed loved by Eveline, would she believe aught to his discredit? A hasty pause sufficed to determine our hero. He resolved at once to pursue his journey to the North, determining to write to Eveline, if he should hereafter deem it advisable to acquaint her with the treacherous plot of Manvers. With Somers to decide was to act, and in five minutes he and Eph were on their way.

They had ridden but a short distance from the militia men, and the forms of the latter were still visible in the dusky starlight, when Eph, garrulous as ever, began his account.

"You know, leftenant, how I've suspected this fellow's master from the beginning, for he hadn't the courage to look one in the face, much less to talk ship-shape, and like an honest man. Well, I calculated he was a scoundrel and so watched him. Now when I watch a man he's got to be a mighty riggler specimen or I'll track him up—I larnt that when I tracked lions once in the Cape Colony. As soon as I heard of this hunt, I suspected some devilry, and told you so, but you only laughed. So I resolved to keep myself to myself, and say nothing till I had caught the villains at their work. They'd like to have been too sharp for me—that I'm free to confess; but they wasn't: for I got an idea that something wrong was on foot, when I saw Mr. Manvers' groom oneday watch till you'd gone to dinner, and then leave the Hall. He didn't know my eye was on him—the scoundrel. He'd had a long interview with his master that morning, and wore a leer on his face that betokened no good. But though I suspected much I could find out nothing. You went to the hunt, took your post away from the rest; but, though I at first had a position a long distance from you, I grew uneasy, and determined to give up my chances of a shot, and hover about you. I had already approached within a few hundred yards—though on the opposite side of the stream—and your position was in sight, when I saw the stag emerge from the wood, and immediately you fired. I saw you run out to look after him, and then my attention in turn was taken up with the animal. When I again looked you were gone. Hurrying to the spot, I saw evidences of a struggle, and soon tracked your captors through the trampled brushwood to the spot where their horses had been fastened. Following their path long enough to make sure of the route they had taken, I hastened back to where we had left our horses, and mounted. A few of the party were already there, and, as I knew them to be friendly to the cause, I stated your situation to them, and enlisted them as volunteers for your rescue. At this moment Manvers came up, and, although he affected great indignation at your capture, my suspicions were not lulled; and afterwards they were reduced to a certainty, when he refused to join our expedition, making the paltry excuse that he must return to the Hall to quiet the ladies. Our force was small, but when we reached the lower country, I knew where a band of militia was likely to be found, and luckily they were where I expected them. They joined us, and, you know the rest. If I had any doubt of Manvers' agency in this case, it has been removed by the discovery of his groom's body among the slain."

Somers listened to this account with rising indignation; and when, in reply to his questions, Eph proceeded to give a more detailed account of the conduct of Manvers, his passion at the base treachery of this man rose to such a pitch, that he inwardly vowed to forego everything for revenge. His feelings towards his rival were, perhaps, unconsciously to himself, increased by the conviction that Manvers was the successful aspirant for Eveline's hand—so often in this world, are what seem our purest motives tainted by prejudices and even more unworthy causes, though unconsciously to ourselves. Every consideration of duty had now given way in Somers' mind, to the desire of revenge, and he resolved, cost what it might, to diverge from his direct route, and call Manvers to an account, even if he did not warn Eveline of her cousin's villainy.

"I can reach the Hall by daylight," he said to himself, "and by travelling with increased rapidity thereafter, make up for the night thus lost. I have a good constitution, and can endure almost any fatigue—thus I will reach my destination, even with every delay, as soon as others who would travel with ordinary despatch."

He announced his purpose to Eph, who would have dissuaded him from it, contending that a personal conflict would place the wronger on an equality with the wronged.

"To my mind," he said, "a duel is the most foolish act a man can be engaged in. Talk of taking revenge in this way, when you give your antagonist as many advantages as you yourself possess. I've heard, in the old times, men fought duels because it was supposed God would give the victory to him who was right; but that notion's long exploded; and, since Providence doesn't interfere, the result depends on skill and coolness, in both of which the injurer may excel the injured. Now, leftenant, though you're an excellent swordsman, you run a risk in this duel which is unfair. Better expose the rascal to Miss Eveline, and leave him to his deserts, or let me carve him off with a good drubbing."

The homely argument of Eph had no effect on his master, and he persisted in his course, arriving in the vicinity of Staunton Hall just after sunrise. As they approached the place, passing through the road where Somers had first met Eveline, how did the thoughts of the sweet girl rise up in our hero's memory, subduing him with tenderness, so that, for a moment, he almost repented of his present purpose, since, by punishing Manvers, would he not, if she loved her cousin, wring her heart? But when he recollected his wrongs, when he thought that his rival was even now rejoicing over his fancied death, the desire of revenge mounted again in his bosom, and he spurred his horse forward to greater speed; and, by the time he reached the park surrounding the Hall, he was more like one insane than like a reasonable being.

The house was scarcely a hundred yards distant when Somers, at a turn in the road, came full in view of Manvers who was coming down the avenue, armed and on horseback, as if for a journey. At the sight of his enemy the indignation of Somers knew no bounds.

"Ha!" he exclaimed. "We are well met, traitor. Draw and defend yourself," and leaping from his horse, he unsheathed his sword, and stood right in the way of the horseman. Manvers started at the unexpected apparition of one whom he thought dead; but instantly regaining his composure he said, without checking his steed,

"What means this. Are you mad, sir? Under other circumstances I might stop to punish your presumption, but you are obviously intoxicated, and so, as I have no time to lose, I must bid you a good morning," and spurring his horse, he would have dashed by; but Somers sprang forward—and, seizing the bridle, after a short struggle with the animal, threw him on his haunches.

"Coward!" he said, white with rage, "this shall not serve you. Take that, and bear it if you can," and he struck Manvers with the flat of his sword across the face.

"By heavens, sir, this is too much," said his antagonist, leaping from his horse. "I would have avoided you, but your blood be on your own head," and he made a pass at Somers.

Manvers was naturally brave, and though a momentary weakness had crossed him at sight of the man he had so deeply injured, and whom he thought dead, he had now recovered himself, and was no contemptible match for his opponent, for to much skill in the use of his sword, he united great coolness. His pass was parried by Somers, and, for a few moments, the result of the combat seemed uncertain, during which time the quick rattling of the blades betokened how equally matched and how desperate in their hatred were the antagonists. At length Manvers saw that Somers was losing his discretion; that his passes were made passionately; and that he was becoming less careful of his guard in his eagerness to disarm his antagonist. A grim, sardonic smile curled his lip as he saw this, and he was on the point of seizing a momentary advantage and plunging his blade into Somers' heart, when his hand was arrested from behind: at this same time the sword of his antagonist dropped its point, in obedience to the voice of the intruder.

"Shame! Shame!" said that voice, which both combatants recognized as the voice of Eveline. "Will you commit murder within sight of my aunt's house? What! men who have been, or pretended to be friends, thus to sin against God's law. Edward," and she turned to her cousin, "I am ashamed of you."

"It was not my fault," said Manvers, coolly wiping his blade, "this gentleman struck me in the face and insisted on my fighting him, for what cause I know not; but had you not come up, the very instant you did, I should have disarmed or wounded him, and thus brought the conflict to an end. If a man is set on, my fair one, he has nothing to do but to defend himself."

"Mr. Somers," said Eveline, turning on him her full dark eyes in reproof, "this astonishes me. Are you mad? I never dreamed this of you."

Awed and confounded our hero looked down, for his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

"Enough," said Eveline, after a pause, "your guilt is written on your face. Go," and her voice assumed a sterness Somers had never heard in it before, "go, and thank God that your cruel design has been frustrated. Cousin, come with me to the house."

"One word," said Somers, recovering himself, and looking at her despairingly as she turned to move away, accompanied by Manvers, "I charge that man with betraying me to an ignominious death, from which I have been opportunely saved; and for that act of treachery I am seeking revenge."

For a moment Eveline stopped, and this time her look was one rather of pity than of anger.

"Go," she said, waving her hand, "your last words, Mr. Somers, have proved to me what I would not hitherto, for your sake, believe. When you have recovered your reason you will feel heartily ashamed of your conduct," and without a nod, or curtsey, or any token whatever, she turned coldly and proudly from him, and attended by Manvers moved up the avenue.

It was a minute before Somers moved from the spot to which he had been rooted by her parting words. His soul was crushed within him. He saw now that Eveline loved her cousin, and that his own passion was hopeless. This he might have borne. But to appear to her a base assassin, seeking her cousin's life in a moment of madness, the result of intoxication, was more than he could endure. He stood as if spell-bound, his bosom torn with agonizing emotions. One moment he thought of following Eveline and insisting that she should listen to his charge; but he saw that her confidence in Manvers could not be shaken, and that the attempt would be useless. Perhaps, if he had not been so abashed, he might have induced her to hear him; but that was past. His pride, too, revolted at following her, after her injustice to him. At length he yielded to Eph, who led him to his horse in a state approaching to stupefaction; and when he recovered his collectedness they were miles from Staunton Hall. They stood, at the moment, on the top of a hill, and looking back, Somers saw, far away, the woods encircling the home of Eveline. With a sigh he felt that she was lost to him forever. Thenceforth he was an altered man. The spring of youth was gone; the incentive to activity was over; his heart was dead to this life's joys. He felt that he was destined to a lifetime of agony. Woman may die of love, but man it is, who experiences the truth of the poet's saying, "that the heart may break, yet brokenly live on."

TO BE CONTINUED.

From the Magazines

FROM THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, FOR JAN.

WOMAN.

(WRITTEN FOR AN ALBUM.)

When the world frowns with angry scowl,
And sorrows meet thee in thy way;
When Passion's tempests round thee howl,
And friends forsake thee day by day;

Then turn thee from man's cruel course,
Nor wring thy heart with careless grief;
But seek pure friendship at its source,
And find in female charms relief.

When man's deceit, neglect, or guile,
Drives burning tear-drops to thine eye;
There is in woman's cheering smile,
A sunshine, which those tears can dry.

When fortune fawns, and all is bliss,
She is the mirror of thy joy;
Reflecting back pure happiness,
Unmingled with its base alloy.

When dire afflictions bow thee low,
And scorching fevers rack thy brain;
She's first her tenderness to show,
And soothe by sympathy thy pain.

To turn thy pillow, smooth thy bed,
To trim the midnight lamp, and try
By every art to ease thy head,
She watches with a sleepless eye.

When man resigns thee, bids adieu,
And yields thee to the cheerless doom;
Then woman still becomes more true,
And cheats the grave of half its gloom.

When Death, relentless war shall wage,
And hoary locks proclaim thy end;
She is the same in every stage—
Thy first, thy longest, latest friend.

And when at last, the spark is fled,
She mourns the deepest round thy bier,
Is last to leave thy lonely bed,
And on it drops the *purest* tear. W. P. S.

FROM THE LADY'S WORLD, FOR FEBRUARY.

AGNES; OR, THE PASTOR.

BY MRS. MARY V. SPENCER.

CHAPTER I.

The sun was sinking behind the distant hills, shooting long lines of light across the landscape, and dyeing the western firmament with gold, crimson, purple and green, as a young girl of exquisite beauty sat by the window of a lordly mansion in one of the loveliest districts of western New York. The scene before her was unrivalled for pictorial beauty—hills, vales and glittering streamlets; woods and cultivated fields; villages and farm-houses were scattered over the prospect. Fascinated by the beauty of the landscape the young girl sat gazing on it until the sun had set, when she fell insensibly into a reverie, with her head supported by her fair small hand. She was aroused, long after twilight had gathered around, by a familiar touch on her shoulder.

"Agnes! and musing," said a woman's voice in some surprise, "Ah! I see it all—your heart, that has laughed at love hitherto, has been touched—you were thinking of Clarence."

The blood rushed to the temples of the musing girl, but when her companion ceased, every trace of her embarrassment had subsided, and she replied gaily—

"Of Clarence Morton indeed!" and a slight scorn curled her lip.

"Of Clarence Morton indeed!" retorted her companion in accents of still greater surprise, "why Agnes, how long has it been since you have learned to speak of him with scorn? Half your friends believe you engaged, and the other half were certain that your accepting him for a partner at my wedding, foreshadowed your betrothal. The wedding is over—he has been more attentive than ever—and you, you yourself, you little hypocrite, have been all smiles;—yet now, when I name him as the cause of your reverie, you speak of him with scorn. Yet it is ever so with our sex. You love Clarence Morton."

The cheek of the fair girl crimsoned, but only faintly, and she shook her head. Her companion regarded her intensely for a moment, and musing for awhile, said—

"But to drop this subject, how did you like our young pastor? Did you mark how earnest was his manner during the ceremony? What fine eyes he has!"

Mrs. Westcott—for that was the name of Agnes Benson's friend—had kept her eye on the face of her companion, and saw that, at the first mention of the young pastor's name, the blood rushed in torrents again to the brow of Agnes.

"I am then right in my hasty guess," said Mrs. Westcott to herself, "nor do I wonder. Our young pastor is just such a one as Agnes' imagination could be fascinated with. Often, in our girlish dreams, have I heard her picture a character like his as one that she should seek for ere she surrendered her heart. Yet Agnes is proud and ambitious—she can gratify neither passion if she marries the humble village pastor. Clarence Morton is rich and distinguished. There will be a struggle yet for the mastery in my fair cousin's breast."

So mused Mrs. Westcott, during the short interval that elapsed before Agnes replied, and when the fair girl answered, the keen observation of her companion detected the effort to speak composedly.

"He certainly has fine eyes," said Agnes, "and made me feel more solemn than I have done for a long while, heigho! I suppose he is just in orders, and tries his best," and she laughed with a low, gay laugh, and rose from her seat. The reproving eyes of her companion again called the blush to her cheek.

"Agnes!" she said, "this is trifling with a solemn subject," and Agnes stood abashed. Her companion had read her heart and continued, "Mr. Newton is a truly pious man, and as incapable of acting a part, which your words imply, as you are, in your better mood, of ridiculing sacred things. But come, she said, as the tears gathered into the eyes of Agnes, "I see you are heartily sorry for what you have said, so let us descend into the parlor."

Agnes was a gay, self-willed, witty and beautiful creature, who would have been spoiled by flattery, had she not possessed a naturally good heart, and a more than usual amount of intellect. She was proud and ambitious, however, and had long trifled with a crowd of suitors. Among these Clarence Morton was the most conspicuous, both on account of his riches and birth. But he was not the one to captivate the imagination of a high-souled girl like Agnes, and so there had long been a struggle in her breast between the nobler and more earthly portions of it. Her love of power whispered to her to accept her wealthy suitor; her heart told her that she could not love, and therefore ought not to wed him. A decision had been postponed notwithstanding the anxiety of her lover to bring his fate to a crisis; and just at the time when her better nature was giving up the contest, and he began to hope, she had met Mr. Newton, the new pastor, whom she had seen for the first time, when he officiated at the wedding of her friend. This occurrence had taken place the day preceding that on which we introduced her to our readers. His calm, deep eyes—his broad, powerful brow—the unaffected sweetness, and dignity of his manner had awakened an interest toward him in the bosom of Agnes at once strange and delightful. Ever since, with scarcely a moment's intermission, he had been present to her thoughts. And yet, when Mrs. Westcott discovered her in a reverie, she strove to conceal her feelings in the way we have shown. Strange perversity!

CHAPTER II.

A few days after this the young pastor made a morning call at Mrs. Westcott's, and lingered alone in conversation with Agnes for more than an hour. His apparent interest in her made her heart thrill with indefinable emotions. He was still there when the carriage of Clarence Morton drove up to the door, and then Agnes remembered that she had made an engagement to accompany him in a drive, a fact she had hitherto forgotten in the charm of the young pastor's conversation. When seated in the vehicle, and the excitement of starting passed, she could not help contrasting her present with her late companion: and Clarence Morton sank immeasurably by the comparison. Instead of the genius which characterized the conversation of the minister, she found in Clarence Morton nothing but the dull common-places of an ordinary mind; and as Agnes felt little inclination to talk in such a strain, they soon fell into a silence which continued until the drive was over, when Agnes retired to her room, vexed that her morning *tête-a-tête* with the young pastor had been interrupted. Sitting down, with her bonnet still on, and her shawl only partially thrown off, she recalled all that he had said, and as she saw in memory his fine eyes fixed enthusiastically on her, her bosom heaved, and she felt her cheek burn. Could there be any danger in the interest she felt in him? was the question she asked herself, and shrunk from answering, satisfied with the pleasure of dwelling on his image, without looking at the consequences.

The visits of the young pastor to Mrs. Westcott's soon grew frequent, and began to be the talk of the parish. Many were the speculations hazarded as to the probability of his winning Agnes; and not a few who sneered most at her for countenancing a suitor, so poor in this world's goods, envied her the attentions of one so gifted in intellect, and so winning in manners. Clarence Morton, meantime, continued his visits, but to the eye of an acute observer, he was manifestly losing ground. Indeed Agnes was on the point of giving herself up wholly to the seductive influence of the young pastor's society, when an incident occurred, which placed Clarence Morton again in the ascendant.

There was a large party, about this time, given in the neighborhood, and Agnes, flattered and admired by all, shone the star of the evening. To a mind like her's, there was a fascination in this universal homage almost irresistible, and she yielded herself to the hour, forgetful of many a resolution which she had formed when in the presence of the young pastor. Her gay wit soon drew around her a crowd of admirers, among whom was one with whom she had been charged with flirting. He had been of late attentive to another, who, for more than one reason, was disliked by Agnes. Flushed with her triumphs, she resolved to detach him from her rival. A few words, aptly introduced, fixed him in her train for the evening, and though, more than once, her conscience asked her if this was right, she hurried on regardless of aught but piquing her rival. She succeeded; but when, towards the latter end of the evening, having retired into a conservatory for a moment's rest, she overheard the following conversation, her feelings of insulted pride can be scarcely imagined. The voices were those of two persons outside screened from sight by the foliage.

"Did you see how Agnes Benson to-night was flirting with Mr. Hawke? It's a shame to trifle so with any one—I wonder what the young pastor would think of it if he knew it."

"You mean what would Clarence Morton think," said another voice, "for, let them say what they will, Miss Benson is only flirting with the minister, and Mr. Morton is the right one after all. Every body knows how proud she is, and do you think she would sacrifice an equipage and all that wealth can afford, to be the wife of a poor country minister? No—no, she is a coquette, and vain—she loves show, and has always courted luxury—and she'll be Mrs. Clarence Morton yet."

The voices passed on, but Agnes was the prey to conflicting feelings. And was it indeed true that she was thought to be trifling with the young pastor? Oh! no, she repelled the thought. But could she submit to poverty, and the life of self-denial expected in a minister's wife—could she indeed give up luxury, and sink into comparative obscurity? Her decision was hastened by again overhearing the same voices, as the persons returned.

"No, I tell you it would be the greatest folly in the world," said one, as if continuing the conversation, "she will not entertain the idea. Think of Agnes Benson changed into a minister's wife, wearing the plainest of all plain bonnets, and marching into church at the head of the Sunday School. And she is to do this, you say, when she can become Mrs. Clarence Morton, and outshine every body in the splendor of her equipage, the costliness of her dress, and the variety of her entertainments."

"I confess," repeated the other voice, "I did not think of all this; and I agree with you that it would be madness for her to make such sacrifice."

"To be sure it would. She would well deserve the obscurity into which she would sink."

The voices again passed out of hearing, but the mind of Agnes was made up.

"They are right—I cannot become the wife of the young pastor. And after all," she continued, shaking off a sigh and affecting to laugh, "love is but a name, and Clarence Morton will make a very respectable husband."

Ah! Agnes Benson.

CHAPTER III.

The gossips of the neighborhood were, before a fortnight, in possession of the intelligence that Agnes Benson had accepted Clarence Morton. Those who had predicted such a result praised her judgment, and felicitated themselves on their penetration, while others, who had said that she would yet marry the young pastor, shook their heads and remarked that no good would come of it. The young pastor himself was never known to allude to the subject, nor had any one perceived the least trace of emotion in him when the engagement happened to be mentioned in his presence; but his housekeeper told one of her friends confidentially, and so it spread throughout the village, that her master of late had spent the nights in walking the floor, and that his appetite had left him altogether.

Agnes, meanwhile, seemed to have banished every thought of him from her mind; and if conscience ever reproached her for her conduct toward him, she soon stifled its upbraidings. As the destined bride of Clarence Morton, she now received attentions from quarters even where it had been denied to her before; for there were a few in the neighborhood who rendered no homage to any thing but wealth. Her days were passed amid continued flattery, and she was already a far different creature from the Agnes whom Mrs. Westcott had conversed with in the beginning of our tale. That lady saw with regret the change, but was wisely silent.

The wedding day was rapidly approaching, and Agnes was already the envy of the neighborhood, when she suddenly fell ill, and, in a few days, it was rumored about that she had caught the small pox. She soon grew worse, so that her life was despaired of, and though finally she was declared to be convalescent, it was said that her beauty was gone. Many were the speculations now afloat respecting the effect this would have on Clarence Morton, for all knew that the beauty of Agnes had been one of his chief motives for seeking the union. He wished a handsome woman to exhibit as his wife, and therefore he had been persevering in his efforts to secure one so celebrated for her loveliness. But would he be faithful now when her personal charms were gone? In answer to this question it was said that his carriage had been seen at the door of the invalid daily; but, on closer inquiry, it appeared that this had been only during the first few days of her illness. When her disease was known certainly to be the small pox, he had, it was found, left the vicinity, and was now travelling. The suspicions growing out of this knowledge were soon reduced to certainty, by the intelligence that his engagement with Agnes was broken off. If any doubted, their doubts were put to rest, before two months, by the marriage of Clarence Morton to a celebrated belle of one of the northern cities.

A week after the receipt of this intelligence Agnes appeared at church, so altered and seemingly broken down in spirits that, despite her folly, she elicited general pity in her behalf. But her voice was now heard in the responses for the first time, and it was said to be far sweeter, because more subdued, than when she was in the heyday of her beauty. She was seen to weep during the sermon, and at its close stole from the church as if anxious to escape notice. Every body said how changed she was.

And changed she was indeed, though in other things than was supposed. The first intimation of the nature of her disease was a stunning blow, and for days she tossed on her pillow the victim of rebuked vanity and ambition. The coldness of her lover, and his speedy desertion of her, woke her to a true sense of her own folly, and she thought with pain of the love of the young pastor which she had thrown away. The danger which soon threatened her life brought him to her bed-side, but she dared not, at first, look on the face of him she had wronged. He never, however, by look or word reminded her of the injury she had done him. His ministrations recalled her to a sense of her condition, and she became truly penitent. Her vanity had been deeply humbled—the staff she leaned on was broken—and now her better nature made itself heard. When she rose from that sick bed she was an altered being; and she heard without one feeling but that of forgiveness of the marriage of Clarence Morton.

Agnes was no more the flattered belle, for with her loss of beauty her admirers disappeared. She went little out into society; but those who still sought her acquaintance said that the sweetness of manner she now possessed made ample amends for her departed loveliness. The young pastor perhaps thought so too, for his visits became so frequent that they attracted attention, and again it was rumored that he and Agnes were engaged. But the matter went no further, and when a whole year passed, the gossips of the village were certain that they had been mistaken.

Even Agnes, at first, had begun to entertain hopes which she dared hardly whisper to herself; for now that she saw her late conduct in its true light, her old interest in the young pastor returned with tenfold force. And indeed there was at times in his look a something which reminded her of former days, and, in addressing her, his voice would often sink to a tone that made her heart beat quick with delicious emotion. But she, too, saw that she had been wrong, and with tears gave up this, her last hope. But she bowed meekly to her lot, for she felt that her punishment was deserved.

One day she was sitting alone when the young pastor entered. He took a seat beside her, and insensibly they glided into a conversation, which partook more of those of old than any they had held together since her illness. There was a feeling in the tone of her visitor that more than once made Agnes look down. Perhaps he noticed it, for at length he took her hand. She trembled violently, while he said,

"Agnes—Miss Benson, your demeanor to-day inspires me with hope. I have long secretly loved you; for, from our first meeting, I saw that you had many of the noblest qualities of your sex. For awhile indeed I believed, and not without cause, that these traits were the victims of your vanity. But God ordered that you should awake to your folly, and a reformation began, whose progress I watched at first with trembling, but at length with joy. For nearly a year I have avoided you lest my feelings might bias my judgment; but I now am assured that you are a changed creature, and one in whom I can entrust my happiness, if indeed you will consent to be mine. I have spoken frankly, but I am a Christian minister, and I feel it is your due to know all."

Agnes had hid her face in her hands, and controlled her emotion until he ceased; and now she burst into tears and fell upon his shoulder. And when he imprinted his first kiss holily on her brow she felt what joy it would be to devote her life to him.

SKETCHES OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Sea Islands.

If there is one month in the whole year distinguished above all others for its soft sunny days and refreshing breezes, when the overwearied denizen exhausted by the pent-up atmosphere and malarious night dews of the long summer weeks, rejoices again in the renewed strength and alacrity of body and spirit, it is the month of November. The languid afternoons of June and July, when that luxury which no dweller of the North can ever fully appreciate, the luxury of sitting still by the hour under the shade of the eastern piazza, and feeling every faint motion of air to be grateful as if fanned by a seraph's wing, have given place to the vivifying evenings of the autumn; the sickly mornings and pale moondays of August and September, when pestilential vapors, scattering seeds of death over city and hamlet, you meet with a shrinking heart, are at last gone; the lively hum of the market-place, awakening from its long summer's quietude, resounds again along the wharves and through the bustling ware-house, making music to the ear of the busy factor; strangers once more crowd the hotels, and familiar faces appear again upon the change; and the horsemen, no longer solitary in their evening trot upon the battery, nod and smile and nod again in pleasant recognition of the bright faces of blonde and brunette, just returned from the summer's tour to Buncombe or Saratoga.

But beautiful as is November to the city, beautiful and bland in her sunny smiles as the earliest prime of womanhood, it is still more beautiful on the Sea Islands. There the days of November come gambolling and frolicsome as a gay party of school-girls, and merriment and joyousness are diffused on every side. Instead of the sleek spinster-like vestments in which she moves on so stately at the North, sometimes smiling it is true, but more often bitter and sharp to those who dally with her maiden coyness, she here comes arrayed in a garb more fascinating than even April ever wears. How gracefully and gently she moves along, how bewitchingly she tempts her lovers into fond dalliance, no one can tell, who has not met her, the laughing-eyed, in the green wood or upon the lake, and toyed with her half-veiled loveliness like a swain enamored of her charms.

In truth, November on the Sea Islands is the month of rare enjoyment; and thrice happy is he, who, wearied and sickened of city toils, has a right to expect a hearty welcome at some one of the old mansion houses of Edisto. Here, more than any where else, are to be seen the best specimens of Southern character, the true descendants of the cavaliers of olden time. Here also are the wealth, the hospitality, the high bearing, the elegant leisure, the untiring pursuit of pleasure at home or in the field, too generally attributed as characteristic to the whole South, rather than to the very few of her old and affluent land-holders. And here are the fair women, the dark-eyed daughters of the sunny clime, who, though yielding in brilliancy of complexion to their sisters of the North, may vie in every thing else with the beauties of the world.

It was on one of those same delicious November days that I first visited Edisto. My invitation had been one of long standing, having been received several years before from one of the island planters whom I had met in our metropolis; and I had no sooner made my arrival in Charleston known to my friends, than it was again extended, and under such circumstances that I could with no civility decline it. The day having been set on which I should leave the city, a boat had been sent up from the island for my accommodation; and just as the sun was beginning to tinge the horizon, our party started from the wharf. The morning was bright and cloudless; the city, just awakening from its slumbers, sent a faint hum of life over the waters; the broad bay spread out before us, bearing upon its bosom many a goodly ship, some just entering the bar from the distant voyage, some outward bound, and one, the beautiful North Carolina, at anchor in the stream, lay rising and sinking so gently upon the waves as an infant upon the breast of its mother. It was to me a scene full of romantic beauty; and the novelty of the whole; the long, graceful boat, the awning shaded, luxuriously furnished with carpets, sofas, ottomans, and mirrors; the twelve sturdy blacks who were to be our oarsmen; the gay decorations of the bowsprit and tiller; the song, keeping time to the oars, whose rich chorus rang far over the sea—all combined with the exquisite loveliness of the morning, gave a charm and freshness which the amusements of life so sadly lack to the man of middle age. Our party consisted of several young gentlemen of the island, who were just returning from an excursion in the country; an officer from Florida, who was absent on a furlough of some weeks from the duties of the camp, and a young lady, the daughter of my host. Upon the latter devolved the duty of offering the hospitalities of her father's boat to her fellow passengers; and sure am I that hospitalities were never more gracefully rendered, or more gratefully received. She was a beautiful girl, of perhaps eighteen years; though that fulness of charms which our colder climate so tardily ripens is so rapidly matured in the Carolinas, that one is at a loss to determine the precise age of early womanhood; with a figure slightly tending to *embonpoint*, but of a symmetry and grace that might have answered for the model of a Hebe. To her personal charms she united a mind highly cultivated, and ever awake to the beautiful; and it is to the powers of description that she possessed, that I am indebted for much that I learned of the customs and peculiarities of the planters of the Sea Islands.

The sail from Charleston to Edisto occupies nearly an autumn's day; and to one sickened with the noise of the ever-plashing steamboats on our rivers, or who shrinks with hydrophobic dread from the careening sail-boat of the lake, let me whisper that there is rare enjoyment and perfect safety, of which he little dreams, in a trip from the southern city to the Sea Islands. Our voyage was varied with a succession of delightful prospects during the whole distance. After shooting across the bay, we entered Wappoo Cut, a dark intricate passage from across James' Island, and then, entering one of those arms with which the sea interlocks all the shore-country of Carolina, we sailed merrily on toward our destination. The land on either side was mostly cleared and fenced into large cotton fields; and the gangs of hands engaged in picking the ripened crop would instantly quit their work the moment the boat hove in sight, and hastening down to the shore, hold a pleasant chat with our boatmen. These conversations were amusing enough; especially when, as sometimes happened, a keen joker would attack our helmsman, who was likewise prompt at repartee, and convinced us again that, "when Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war."

"Whose boat dat?" inquired a brawny African, from a point we were just rounding, whose quizzical face, together with the grinning crowd standing closely around him, led us to expect something rich in the conversation.

"Whose boat dat, nigga?"

"I wonder you ask dat question," replied Tom, who had run his helm hard up, that we might sweep near the shore; "ebery body know dis boat, for de fastest boat on de riber!" And then followed a peal of laughter from our crew.

"Ho! ho! ho!" shouted he of the shore, "dat's a good 'un, Knockknee! If you call dat oyster-boat, creeping 'long over de water like a 'gator floating arter young duck, de fastest boat in de river, I tink you would turn pale to see de 'Raccoon.'"

The laugh was now evidently against Captain Tom, who, not to be outdone in bragging, replied: "Where you learn for to pick cotton, Shark-mouth? If you know little 'bout long staple, like you know 'bout boat, you better look sharp; sun-down catch you in your task, after you half done!—den you sing a nudder song dan boat song!" And fearful of being vanquished, the captain gives a whoop, and motioning his men to resume their rowing, is in a moment out of hearing.

Thus the voyage is varied; the song, the laugh, the jest, the entire freedom from restraint, and the overflowing good-nature of those, who at the North only receive the odious name of slaves, convincing more than a thousand arguments could do, that it is not in their physical condition that the evils of the institution are to be found. A better fed, better clothed, better treated class of peasantry; a class which suffers less from the overpowering of the bodily powers in manual labor; a class enduring less of privation, of care, of trouble, of

"The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,"

from the first hour of existence until extreme old age; is not to be found in the world.

It was near sun-setting when we arrived at Edisto, and a carriage was waiting at the shore to carry us to the house. The island is one (and the largest) of that group which lies southwest from the main land of the Carolinas, and which comprise the richest portion of her soil. It is here that the most valuable product of our country, the long staple cotton, is raised in the greatest perfection; and every plantation on the island is devoted entirely to its culture. The society is of a character altogether unique. Made up of a limited number, an increase of which the very nature of the soil renders impracticable; composed of wealthy land owners who have inherited their property through a long line of ancestry; broken up for six months of the year by the unhealthiness of the climate, during which time its members find a new motive for travel in distant countries; and yet at home deprived, by the isolation of the island, of many of those luxuries which to the inhabitants of cities seem essential to daily life; it is no wonder that the society of Edisto is made up of most rare and incongruous constituents. I doubt, however, if one more truly refined, one uniting more the elements of high breeding, undeviating courtesy, and a nice sense of family character and honor, can be found in the world. There are no stage-coaches, no taverns, no rail-roads, no canals upon the island; indeed none of those improvements which mark the progress of civilization every where else. Every planter keeps within his own premises the means of locomotion which he needs for himself and for his friends, so that money, which in all other parts of the world acts like a magic wand, to accomplish all a man can wish, would be as unavailing here as were the words of Ali Baba to open the door of the secret cave. Not money but love is here the universal solvent; and although the offer of pecuniary recompense would be deemed the highest insult, the traveller has but to express a wish to visit a distant plantation, and his horse is saddled, his groom is mounted, his luggage placed in a donkeyed jolter, and he is sped with the same kindness as the "parting," that he was welcomed as the "coming" guest.

The return of the planters to their homes during the month of November, renders it a scene of continued festivities. Each patriarchal mansion is successively opened to welcome back to their households the ancient proprietors of the soil; and a round of sociabilities, so rich in beauty, refinement, and intelligence, as our country can boast, follows in gay succession. Not for a single evening, but for days after, do the old halls resound with the merriment of the invited guests; and the breaking up of the visit is but an adjournment to some distant manor, to resume the festivities with a fresher zest. Nor is this confined to November alone. Through the whole winter the society at Edisto is one of continued and unvarying gaiety; nor is it until the unhealthy months again arrive, that sobriety and stillness resume their sway over the island.

It would seem to be scarcely possible that a life such as this should not be fraught with peculiar dangers to the morals of the population. Still, so far as I have observed, the result is otherwise: and I doubt if a community can be found in the Southern States, where higher and purer principles of life are recognized. Of course there are numerous exceptions to this; one of which I well remember, in the case of a jolly old planter, who had perhaps passed through more "hair-breadth 'scapes" than any man living, but without any manifest reformation. During the summer I spent in Charleston, the old man was residing near the city; and his evening visitations to a neighboring tavern were often protracted to a most unseasonable hour. Returning one night when, for many hours after midnight "the ale had aye been growing better," instead of turning his horse on the main road, he directed him upon the railway, and, not discovering his mistake, drove on until the locomotive, dashing forward, crushed horse, wagon and driver beneath it. As soon as the engine could be stopped, the engineer hastened back to discover the injury done; and finding the old man crawling from underneath the ruins of his vehicle, and apparently unhurt, he inquired in great wrath what he was doing on the track at that time of the night; "What business have you on the rail-road, with your old horse and wagon!"

"Ha! ha!" hiccupped the old man; "good! I should like—to—to—know what business you have on the *turnpike, with your old—engine!*"

Among all the novelties which met my eye at Edisto, none struck me with more interest than a negro funeral which I witnessed one night on the plantation of Colonel Ladyard.

The exercises were conducted by one of the colored leaders of the class-meetings, and great propriety was apparent throughout. At the close, the coffin was removed out of the house, and placed upon the bier; the stools upon which it had stood were then taken up by two elderly colored women, dressed in white, and carried in front of the procession to the grave; eight flambeaux were paraded on each side of the coffin, eight more were carried in front of the corpse, and eight more followed it. Two thousand persons were supposed to have been present, one half of whom, at the very least, carried torches; and the effect produced—as the procession advanced through a dense pine grove; then emerging, swept around a deep morass forming nearly a semicircle; and then, defiling across a long causeway, arrived at the island burial place; the torches lighting up the dark faces of the assembled multitude, and throwing their deep lurid glare upon tree and fence and clustered cots; flashing from the waters, flaring in the night-breeze, glistening from the trees—may be better imagined than described. It was a sight of beauty; deep, solemn, majestic beauty; beauty almost bordering upon the sublime. And then, as the body was deposited in the grave, and the hoarse sound of "earth to earth, ashes to ashes" fell upon the ear, every torch was at once quenched, and utter darkness fell upon that great assembly. I know not what may have been its meaning; but to my heart it was an emblem, strong and touching, of that night which death brings upon the spirit, unbroken until the resurrection morning.

I spent several days in riding over different parts of the island. The pleasures of such jaunts is of course greatly enhanced to the stranger, by the entire novelty of every thing which he sees. The forests are of all things fine. The gigantic old oaks, the like of which we have not any where above the tropics, with their huge gnarled branches covered with the long, brown, every-waving moss, frequently so shading the trees that not a leaf of foliage is visible; the beautifully-proportioned magnolias, whose leaves of glazed green above, and brown velvet below, make one doubt if Nature could have painted them; the fantastic palmettos, shooting their tall, spiral, spear-like forms far up toward the sky; and the pines, the deep, dense pines, out of whose music you scarcely go during the livelong day; are all capital constituents of a forest scenery. The residences which you meet are many of them superb old country-seats, erected years ago. Putting out of view the dingy, unpainted aspect which they ever wear, and which after all gives an appearance of age not disagreeable to a family seat, it would be difficult to find more architectural beauty, more open, generous, hospitable, patrician-looking mansions, in any country. Nor does their appearance belie their character. If the stranger is fatigued or benighted on his journey; if his horse

[illegible] he takes leave, his servant [illegible]; if a pleasant prospect arrests his eye, and tempts him to linger in its neighborhood [illegible] —Knickerbocker.

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Saturday Morning, January 21.

OUR WEEKLY CHAT.

Poor Spain! The intelligence under our foreign head to-day, shows that the condition of the country is far from settled. Nor will peace and good order be restored in this generation. The guerillas of a civil war so long protracted can hardly be expected ever to become peaceable citizens; and while such a class of the population exists in activity, the country must continue to be disturbed. [illegible] are the inevitable consequences of anarchy so long protracted as was the Spanish civil war; and the best that the Spanish patriot can hope for his country is, that after many years more of convulsion peace will be restored. The foreign news from other quarters is not important.

In domestic intelligence there are few prominent events to challenge comment. The law mills of most of the States and that of the United States are in session; and the winter will produce the usual amount of unstable federal and State Legislation. To pull the work of antagonist parties to pieces, and to undo in one session, what was done in the session preceding, appears to be too much the occupation of our law-givers. To expect that we shall flourish under it, were quite as reasonable as to hope for a good crop from a field, the possession of which is disputed by two claimants; one sowing wheat to-day, and the other harrowing out the wheat, and putting in barley to-morrow. However—nations have their growth and progress as well as individuals; and it is to be hoped that Uncle Sam will, one of these days, arrive at years of discretion.

The reader will rejoice, with us, to see the end of Jack Hinton in this day's paper. Hereafter we shall now be enabled to give the fourth page of the Post a more abundant variety. The second lecture of Dr. Bethune will be read with increased interest over the first. The third of the series we shall next week present the reader.

The weather, since the opening of the new year, has been delightfully mild and pleasant; so much so that the weatherwise shake their heads, and promise us shocking arrears of frost and snow, by and by. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will therefore rejoice in the "ethereal mildness" now in our power, though we have an importation of Nova Zembla, Kamschatka and Spitzbergen weather at a time unexpected, and unseasonable.

THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

In a very gracefully indited article, Miss Cornelia Walter, sister of the late lamented Lynde M. Walter, admits her connection with the paper, which her deceased brother founded. Of course the lady does not fill the usual chair, which in all editorial rooms is supposed to be placed purposely for intruders to stub their toes against. The worthy incumbent of that seat of difficulty without comfort, is the senior publisher of the paper. He attends to rail-road, steamboat and other accidents, to murders, robberies, and the usual agreeable miscellaneous items of the daily press; while his lady coadjutor, from her quiet home, (where women ever breathe freer and thinks more rapidly and correctly) sends down such paragraphs and articles as are more elaborated.

If every paper in the country were under woman's direct influence, we should never be shocked with violations of propriety; nor, we suspect, would the public lose any thing in the strength or wisdom of the periodical press. It is a fact, to the utterance of which we are prompted by no uncommercial notions of gallantry, but by a reverence for truth, that women are usually of better judgment than those who term themselves the "lords of creation." If the women had the direction of politics, parties would not be in such an inextricable mess as the subject is just now; and if women had the direction of finance they would look sharper after defaulters than the men have done. Let the women alone for keeping contractors to their duty.

STEAM IN THE PACIFIC.

The name of the Pacific Ocean is not misapplied; for except at certain well known periods of the year gales and storms are almost unknown, particularly upon the Western Coasts of this great continent. Such a coast would appear the very paradise of steam; and yet, from the deficiency of fuel, it has been impossible, hitherto, to introduce it. But Yankee enterprise and science have at last overcome this difficulty—or have rather discovered, that the impediment above alluded to, existed only in the native ignorance of the resources of the country. What an important event, not to South America only, but to the world, will be the discovery of coal, in South America, and the introduction of steam vessels into the Pacific.

Mr. Wheelright, eminent for his zeal in promoting steam navigation in the Pacific, has written a letter to the National Institute at Washington, giving an account of his discoveries of coal in the south of Chili, and accompanied it with abundant specimens. He says that it is very plentiful along the coast: and that at the Moro of Talcahuano mining has been carried on for the last eighteen months, during which time 4000 tons have been mined. Arrangements have been made to mine between 500 and 600 tons per month hereafter. The coal costs on the beach about two dollars and a half a ton, and is in many respects of a quality superior to that in more common use. Coal has been also abundantly found on the Isthmus of Panama.

MILLER IN BOSTON.

We learn from the Boston papers that the temple of the believers in Mr. Miller's prophecy was in rapid progress a few days since, though the Mayor has now put his interdict on the work. The Mail gives the following description of the original design: The walls are to be built of brick, fifteen feet high, above which is to be a roof running to a point in the centre like a circus tent, thirty feet high. The building will probably accommodate some five or eight thousand persons. The walls are nearly completed. They are very light, and several masons say cannot possibly sustain the immense roof which will rest upon them. The work naturally attracts great crowds of spectators, and is the subject of no little talk and wonderment. Several zealous Millerites, who have given up all business and devoted themselves to the cause, are busily engaged in shovelling gravel free gratis on the inside of the temple, which is exceedingly rough and uneven, and needs much levelling. A ground lease of the lot has been taken for fifteen months, so as to give ample time for the fulfilment of Mr. Miller's prophecy.

It was on account of the slightness of the work, above alluded to, which slightness is a violation of city ordinances, that the Mayor interfered. Of course, if the believers in this doctrine erect a safe building, no one will interfere with them—but the one commenced was so slight that it was even said that a timber resting against the wall, made an indentation!

NEW JERSEY BANKS.

The annual statements of the Banks of New Jersey have been rendered to the Legislature. They show that the aggregate circulation of the sixteen Banks, out of and including Princeton, is $1,533,-365. Their circulation is $701,797, and their actual specie in vaults, $271,398 69. Many Banks have also large sums deposited to their credit in New York City, (specie funds,) and have on hand large amounts in bills of New York Banks. Attempts having been made to throw discredit upon the Dover Bank, the directors, by a statement, show that their liabilities, (except to the stockholders,) are only $44,-586, while the amount of specie funds at immediate control is $62,877 22.

WEST POINT ACADEMY.

The last report of the Board of Visitors gives the following as the parentage of the pupils in the Academy of West Point:

64	whose fathers were		Farmers.
[illegible]	do.	do.	Planters.
[illegible]	do.	do.	Mechanics.
[illegible]	do.	do.	Hotel Keepers.
[illegible]	do.	do.	Physicians.
[illegible]	do.	do.	Lawyers, Judges, &c.
[illegible]	do.	do.	Officers of Army.
[illegible]	do.	do.	do. of Navy.
[illegible]	do.	do.	Civil Officers.
[illegible]	do.	do.	Clergymen.
[illegible]	do.	do.	Not living.
[illegible]	do.	do.	[illegible]

The total number of pupils is 211. The parents of 166, it is said, are in indigent, reduced, or moderate circumstances; and among all the cadets there are none the children of high functionaries in the general or state governments. It is somewhat a delicate matter to make public statements of this kind; but appears to be necessary that the character of the institution, and that of the recipients of its advantages, should be generally understood.

INTERESTING STATISTICS.

The report of the number of births and deaths for the year 1841 has just been printed by the Board of Health, from which we glean the following facts:—The number of births were, males, 4310; females, 3964—total 8274. Deaths—males, 3178; females, 2661—total, 5869. Being 2411 more births than deaths. Among the various causes of death we find of consumption of the lungs 800—males 437, females 363; apoplexy 74—males 38, females 36; dropsy of the head 205—males 115, females 90; all but 3 being under ten years of age; drowned 46; executed 1; inflammation of the lungs 293—males 155, females 138; intemperance 40—males 19, females 21; mania a potu 34—males 28, females 6; murdered 1; old age 120—males 46, females 74, 4 being over 100 years of age; suicide 119; small pox 339—males 153, females 186; suicide 20—males 15, females 5; summer complaint 377; palsy 56—males 26, females 30; still born 377—males 241, females 136. Deducting the still born, there were males of 20 years and upwards, 1230; under 20 years, 1650—total, 2881; females of 20 years and upwards, 1120; under 20 years, 1387—total, 2585. The account for last year is not prepared yet.

TAKE NOTICE!

The Military are generally placed in a very awkward position when called out for aid to the civil power. They are absolutely more hindered than assisted by their arms, as the mob frequently pushes upon them in such a way that the soldiery, in addition to taking care of their own bones, are compelled to look out, that their guns do not go off and "hurt somebody!"

The exact right and duties of the soldier in such a case, have never been fully defined in this country; but we notice a decision in the Boston Municipal Court, which goes somewhat toward the elucidation of the difficult point. James Henry, of the Boston Lancers, was recently tried in that city for striking one Stanly severely with the flat of his sword, in clearing a parade ground on which the Lancers were parading—Henry being a sentinel on duty. Judge Thatcher charged that a military corps, who mark off their ground for a parade, and give fair notice thereof, have a right to keep it clear of intruders, even by force. The Jury thereupon found a verdict of not guilty.

PAUPERS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The whole number of persons supported or relieved as paupers, in Massachusetts, during the past year, was 13,686, of whom but 6661 had a legal settlement in the commonwealth; 2308 were natives of England and Ireland; and 503 of other foreign countries. They were supported at an expense of $300,-470 61. The number of foreign paupers who have come into the State within the year, is 445. The average number of persons supported in alms houses, during the year, was 3838. The number of alms houses in the State, is 181, to which there are attached 17,911 acres of land. The estimated value of the alms house establishments, is $900,391 89. The number of persons unable to labor is 2940. The number of insane relieved or supported is 840; number of idiots, 336. The number of persons who have probably been made paupers by intemperance in themselves or in others, is 7154—more than one half of the whole number relieved.

NEW POWER LOOM.

We noticed a few weeks since, the invention of a carpet-power loom. In the New York Tribune, we find an account of another new loom, invented by Mr. Clinton G. Gibson, which seems to be a simplification of the old. Among the peculiarities of this new loom, is its dispensing entirely with cams, headdles and treddles in weaving every description of cloth. The new feature which the inventor calls a "weft puller" seems almost instinct with intelligence and life, drawing every thread of the weft tight, after the shuttle has been thrown, drawing it forward and laying it up to the face of the cloth, thereby preventing the looping of the weft-thread occasioned by the diagonal. The machine stops the instant a shuttle is exhausted or a thread broken, thus securing that perfect appearance indispensable to figure cloths. And although working at a speed of 1000 picks or threads of weft per minute, the fabric produced was absolutely faultless.

A VETERAN CHURCH GOER.

In Massachusetts it is the laudable custom to escort the Governor's elect to church, after he has been qualified, the members of both houses of the Legislature attending also. This annual sermon is called the election sermon, and is an observance handed down from the Puritans. A late Massachusetts paper states that Maj. Benjamin Russell, the veteran of the press, and former editor of the Centinel, (which he would spell with a C,) has heard every election sermon since 1782. That of this year made his 60th. For the same period of time the Major has not missed going to church once at least, on every Sabbath, a privilege to which good health must have been no small contributor. Some of our young people who are fond of inventing excuses rather than of attending church, would do well to try this specific for long life.

MRS. GUTZLAFF.

We noticed, sometime since, the arrival of Mrs. Gutzlaff and children, from China; and we learn from the United States Gazette that some of these children she has left in New York, and two of them she has brought to this city. One (Fanny) is totally blind, but she has been instructed to read English with her fingers, from the raised letters used in the school for the blind in this city and elsewhere. The other child is named Ellen. It is desired, also, to leave her in this city, so that she may be educated for useful purposes. Mrs. Gutzlaff is now with these two children, at No. 437 Walnut street, west of Broad. That the education of these strangers will require the pecuniary assistance of the philanthropic, we need hardly say.

SHOCKING AFFAIR.

On the 5th inst., Col. Benton Hepburn, formerly of New York, was instantly killed at Columbus, Geo., by Gen. McDougal, of that place. There had been a quarrel between them, and McD., had received an anonymous note, informing him that H., was armed, and intended to shoot him down when he saw him. On the morning of the 5th, H., called about 8 o'clock at the counting room of McD., and opening the door said "General, I have come," and had got thus far, when he received a pistol ball in his left side, just below the heart, and died instantly. McDougal instantly surrendered himself to the civil authorities, but a Coroner's jury denominated the deed "justifiable homicide." Columbus is in quite a state of excitement about it.

STRANGE MADNESS.

The Rochester Evening Post contains a notice of a strange case of monomania in the town of North East, in this State. A young man named Putnam, who seems quite sane on all other subjects, has throughout the past year steadily declared that it had been revealed to him that he would die on the afternoon of the last day in 1842, standing by his own grave, and he has sent invitations far and wide to his friends to be present on the occasion. He refuses to work, but spends his time in cutting devices on tomb stones, trees, &c. It has been also ascertained that he has dug a hole for his grave, six feet deep, six long, and four wide, in a solid rock in a secluded place.

AN EXCELLENT STEP.

The Secretary of the Navy has requested the Navy Agents and others, instead of advertising for contracts to supply clothing for seamen, to purchase the materials, and cause the price of the making up to be paid directly to the operatives, subject to no deduction or leakage for intermediate factors and agents. The purpose of Mr. Upshur is a most excellent one, and we know that he will receive the cordial co-operation of all concerned.

ONE VOTE.

[illegible] Massachusetts has been [illegible]. The [illegible] upon the [illegible] by one [illegible], and the following were the [illegible]. The whole vote was, on the first ballot, 354.

Necessary to a choice	178
Morton,	173
Davis,	176
Scattering,	6
Second ballot, whole number,	357
Morton,	174
Davis,	180
Scattering,	3

So Morton is again Governor.

A VETERAN EDITOR.

Mr. Prentiss, the editor of the Keene, N. H. Sentinel, in his first number for the new year, says he commences the 45th year of the Sentinel, which was established by him in 1799. How Mr. Prentiss is in bodily health now, we cannot say; but ten years ago he would have been able to whip any two of our editorials [illegible], albeit not a pugnacious man, and always good-natured. The vigor of his pen has never declined; and the character of his paper has always been consistent and able. Perhaps his politics may not now be deemed fashionable, but the course of the opinions of the Keene Sentinel is clearly bound in the expression of his views.

THE BLACK TONGUE.

A fearful epidemic prevails in the vicinity of Ballston, N. Y., of which many persons have died. A correspondent of the Boston Mail, writing of the disease, says,—"It sometimes commences with a swelling of the gland of the throat, but more generally, I believe with a swelling at the lower extremity or 'roots' of the tongue. The tongue soon becomes swelled to an enormous size, and, unless soon relieved, begins to turn black, very nearly resembling mortification, which soon causes death. I believe there has been scarcely a case where a person survived and the disease, after the blackness began to set in upon the tongue."

ANOTHER "ON DIT."

It is pretty confidently asserted by certain English journalists, who claim to speak on good authority, "that the most interesting event to her Majesty's liege subjects will take place in March next." There is no hope we suppose for any of the collateral heirs of the throne. Victoria will put the contingency of the sceptre's departing from her progeny out of the question.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The lecture in our columns of to-day is highly interesting, and closes with the overthrow of the French Directory by Napoleon Buonaparte, and the establishment of the consular form of Government. Our lecturer informs us that the next will be the last of the series, and that he intends leaving the modern Caesar seated on the Imperial throne of France.

The Somers' Mutiny.

On Friday of last week, the Court of Inquiry at New York, announced that the examination of the officers on board the Somers being completed, the examination of all the apprentices and others on board be proceeded in; taking them as they stood on the muster roll—those who are in irons on board being excepted. Up to the date of our going to press between fifty and sixty of these boys had been examined. Many knew nothing, and their testimony was wholly unimportant. Others only repeated what has been put before our readers already. Of the boys examined, about twenty-five gave their opinion that the vessel could not have been brought in safe—two or three of them, however, stating that she might probably have been got into St. Thomas, though perhaps with difficulty, without the execution. Six or seven thought a rescue would have been attempted, because they were under vague impressions about the number concerned in the mutiny. One thought a rescue would have been attempted, but could assign no reason why he thought so. Another believed, from Spencer's popularity with the crew that an attempt would be made to release the prisoners. One said he thought the vessel could have been brought safely home without the execution. Six or seven declare that they have formed no opinion as to the probable chances, and four or five say it is "hard to tell," whether the vessel was safe, or whether a rescue would have been attempted or not.

From the evidence given, it appears that Spencer had been in the habit of talking about having a vessel of his own—but no one of the boys, if we are to believe them, thought that what he said referred to taking the Somers. He had been heard also, to speak in very disrespectful terms of the commander, and to speak of slavers, and their profits, &c. &c. After the arrest, it would seem that very few, if any, and none of these witnesses, so far as their own stories go, knew why it was made; and one or two testify that the collection in groups were of persons inquiring why he was in irons. It is proved that he was in the habit of giving away tobacco, segars, money, &c., sometimes as gifts outright and sometimes as gratuities for little services. We subjoin some of the most important portions of the testimony.

James Humber, aged 16, testified that on the day of Spencer's arrest, he, witness, was handing an African dirk knife belonging to Wilson, when he said he had just been sharpening it up, and would as soon cut his throat with it as look at him. He also saw Wilson have that knife near No. five gun, (the one next to where Spencer was confined,) and he said he should like to put it into Mr. Spencer's hand. The Tuesday previous to Mr. Spencer's arrest, he heard Mr. Spencer ask McKie if he knew how to cut out clothes and sew them. McKie said he did, and Spencer then asked him if he would like to sail with him, to which McKie replied he would. Mr. Spencer said all he would have to do would be to cut out clothing for the crew and make them, and that he would not have any winter clothing to make, because they were going to a warm place.

George Taylor was sworn—I was rated first class-boy; I am 18; saw Spencer, Cromwell and Small together talking low. He and Cromwell d—d the jib and the one that invented it; did not think the vessel was safe until the prisoners were hung; the crew were slack in their duty after the arrest; heard Small say he at one time was in a Spanish slaver, and had charge of fifteen negroes, and killed one of them.

Wm. Clark—I am a first class-boy, 16 years old. About three days before his arrest, Mr. Spencer asked me if I had a knife, and I told him not, and he said he would give me a knife. He afterwards offered me a sheath-knife, with brass on the handle, and told me to keep it sharp and ready. I did not take it, as I then had one. I saw Spencer show Cromwell a paper in the mess at dinner time, on the starboard side of the spar deck on the forecastle. There was no one present but myself. I was that week cook to the mess. Mr. Spencer brought a paper and showed it to Cromwell, and asked him if it would do. He said it would. They then went away to the Jacob's ladder. There were pencil marks on the paper. I can read and write, but could not read the paper. I saw the letters, but could not make them out. They were like the old-fashioned English alphabet. Could make out some of the letters, but no words. It was about a quarter of a sheet of letter paper. It had no writing on the other side, so I could see. It was written across in lines. I saw Spencer show the paper to him again at supper, and Cromwell said it was very good, that it was better.

The crew was sullen after the arrest—not ready to obey an order; after the execution they obeyed better; after the arrest all the crew gathered in knots, and talked about the confinement of the prisoners; I feared a rescue would be attempted, because I did not know how many were concerned, and that they might let loose the prisoners while we were aloft.

By Commander Mackenzie—I heard Spencer one day tell Cromwell, when the latter was finding fault with the boys, that the sooner we got shot of those little devils the better; they eat bread and are of no use. This was on the passage from Cape Mesurado to St. Thomas.

While Spencer was in irons one morning, while we were holy-stoning the deck, the stones were scattered about, and Mr. Wilson was trying to get them as near Mr. Spencer as he could.

William R. Cooper, second class apprentice, eighteen years old—Has heard Spencer ask Cromwell whether the brig would make a good slaver or not. Soon after we left Madeira, he did not think she would make the best. Spencer said he would like to be in a slaver, and would put in $5000. Cromwell laughed at him. Spencer was very intimate with Wales.

Billinger Scott, apprentice, aged 15, was then examined. One morning heard Spencer ask Cromwell how he could *disguise the brig Somers?* Cromwell said he could do it d—d handy *by shipping the bowsprit off*—this conversation took place about a week before Mr. Spencer's arrest. Mr. Spencer gave witness tobacco and money for taking care of his hammock.

Joseph Sears, second class apprentice, eighteen years old—Soon after we left Cape Mesurado, one night Wilson took from his belt one of those African knives that came from Mesurado, and filed away as much as an hour. He then took a battle-axe out of the rack and went to filing that.

The night Spencer was arrested I saw Cromwell and Small talking together, and asked them what Spencer was put in irons for; Small said he believed to the captain G—d, that there was not to be a mutiny; that Spencer was half out of his head; I asked him what mutiny meant; Small said it meant to kill one or more persons; Cromwell said nothing, but looked as though he was very mad; his lips were doubled in.

After the arrest I only noticed Green was disobedient; I would not like to risk myself in the vessel if the men had not been executed; after I had spoken to Small and Cromwell on the night of Spencer's arrest, I heard Small say, "I wonder who can be his aide." Cromwell said, "I don't know, I wonder who they can be."

[illegible] the battle-axe [illegible] Wilson, brought aft [illegible] on board from Cape Mesurado [illegible] Cromwell, second class apprentice, [illegible] of age. The witness had a conversation with Mr. Spencer about being allowed to go home after a short cruise [illegible] Mr. Spencer told him [illegible] to go home after a short cruise, and if he, Spencer, had command of the vessel, as he shortly should have, then he would allow witness to go home. About half an hour previous to Spencer's arrest, [illegible]. After Mr. Spencer's arrest, the witness asked what he was in irons for, and one of the boys replied it was for fighting with Mr. Thompson. Thought that, in a squall or a gale, or if a boy had fallen overboard, in the confusion an attempt might have been made to release the prisoners and take the vessel; and if made at such a moment he thought it might have been successful. There was a violent squall the evening of the day on which the execution had taken place, a short time previous to the hammocks.

Application was made, last week to Judge Betts, of the District Court of the United States, Southern District of New York, for a warrant to arrest Commander Mackenzie, and Lieutenant Gansevoort, for murder on the high seas. The application was on the part of Margaret Cromwell, the wife of Samuel Cromwell, one of the three executed for mutiny on board the Somers. The affidavits founds the charge on the admission of Commander M. and Lieutenant G., in their letter and testimony before the Court of Inquiry now being held.

Judge B. gives his opinion at large on the application, but, of course, not upon the conduct of the accused. He admits that by law they might, under ordinary circumstances, be brought before him, but he thinks that it is unusual for a complainant to come to the Judge directly, without the intervention of the District Attorney, or his deputy. And he thinks, also, that it would be wrong for him to interfere in the matter now, while the parties complained of, are in the hands of those appointed by the highest power to investigate the case.

During last week there were published in a New York daily paper, extracts from the log of the Somers, from June 3d to December 10th, 1842. By these, exhibiting the date of punishment, the person punished, and the number of blows, it appears that the number of blows given, with the "cat" and "colt," during that time, amounted to two thousand, two hundred and sixty-five. This is twelve blows for every day of the cruise, and an average of twenty-three blows for each person on board, subject to such punishment. Captain Mackenzie endeavored to bring this publication before the Court, in order that the officer, whoever he was, by whose agency it had been made, might be put under censure; but the Court decided that it was a matter out of its range of inquiry.

A great deal has been said in the press for and against the propriety of this publication. We are willing to admit that the act does not show toward Capt. Mackenzie that friendliness which a brother might feel; but we are constrained to say that these extracts furnish an important portion of the testimony upon which the public will make up its judgment. Commodore Mackenzie has put his character in issue himself, by his questions frequently repeated to the officers at the stand, "whether his treatment of the crew was humane," &c., though we do not perceive that he has asked the same question of the boys. If testimony on such a point is sought, we do not see why the record of the log book should be withheld. The crew of the Somers was either the worst crew ever afloat, or Capt. Mackenzie is not the best commander who ever sailed.

The examination draws very near to a close. The most important witness for the justification of Commander Mackenzie's course yet examined, is Capt. Sands, a commander in the Navy, under whose inspection the Somers was fitted out. He minutely described the vessel, and showed that with iron belaying pins, sticks of wood, the shot from the lockers, &c., a mutinous crew would have perfect command of the vessel. Its narrow passages could be blocked by very few men, and the provisions were so stowed that the crew could starve the cabin out.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE GARRICK.

FIVE DAYS LATER.

Important from Spain—Insurrection at Barcelona—Defeat of Espartero's Troops.

By the Garrick, at New York, we have foreign intelligence to the 14th December, five days later than previous advices. The period of prorogation having expired, the British Parliament assembled *pro forma*, on the 13th ult., and was further prorogued until the 2d of February.

Lord Hill died on the 10th, at his seat, Hardwicke Grange, in his 71st year.

The money market had undergone no variation. Cotton in Liverpool was dull, though no change in price is noted.

Spain.

The latest dates from Barcelona are up to the 5th. For many days before, the disturbances had continued to increase. Frequent scuffles and slight tumults arose, and on the morning of the 14th matters came to an issue. The crowds in the Plaza San Jayme were so numerous and so tumultuous that it became absolutely necessary to dislodge them. The advance was sounded; orders were given; and the troops proceeded *au pas de charge* against the mob. The National Guards were prepared for battle, shots were fired, and the combat soon became general.

The military fought with bravery and the city was speedily put in a state of effective defence. Every window became a bulwark, and all kinds of missiles were showered from roofs, balconies, &c. upon the military as they marched through the streets.

While this fierce warfare was going on, orders were given that the assembly should beat through the streets, to call the entire force of the National Guards to arms. They at once responded to the call. They rushed to their barracks; from this position they opened a deadly fire on the troops, who, notwithstanding the resistance they met with, were gaining ground, and gradually approaching the Plaza San Jayme.

At this moment the great alarm bell sounded and roused all to arms. The combat deepened in ferocity and in bloodshed the moment the roar of that "horrid bell" opened from the Cathedral. The battle was fought with the utmost desperation until the soldiers, seeing their best and bravest officers lying dead or dying in the streets, began to commence retiring along the Rambla, towards the citadel, and in the direction of the sea wall. While in the act of retreating by this point, they unfortunately, through haste or imprudence, formed a dense mass, and thereby presented a mark to the enemy, of which they were not slow to take advantage. The first battalion of National Guards, whose barracks are close to the wall, lifted their pieces as one man, and threw a volley into the thick of the fugitives. More than 600 bullets carried death and destruction amongst them.

This was the last attempt at serious resistance on the part of the military.

Van Halen made his retreat and the insurgents remained complete masters of the town. A supreme popular junta was immediately formed. Something more than 1000 killed and wounded formed the loss of the military. An immense amount of money, jewelry, &c., was plundered by the rabble.

From Portugal.

We have Lisbon news to the 5th inst. The municipal election was going on in the Portuguese metropolis, and the Government had so far been successful; it was probable that the great bulk of the Municipal Chamber would be composed of its adherents. The Government had carried the municipal election of Oporto by a considerable majority. Throughout the districts of Douro and Aveiro they had been equally successful.

The coast of Portugal had been visited by fresh storms, and two English vessels had been wrecked, one the Chatham, bound for New South Wales, the other was the bark Wexford, with a cargo of coals. Five lives lost.

France.

The administrators of the Versailles Left-Bank Railroad were acquitted on Saturday, by the Court of Correctional Police, of the charge of negligence or imprudence, on the occasion of the dreadful accident that occurred on the 8th of May last.

Nothing further has been heard from the East, and we see nothing more in the English journals of general interest.

Commerce of New York.—The total number of vessels which arrived at New York during the past year is 1960. The American vessels included in this number are 452 ships, 141 barques, 844 brigs and 345 schooners. The number of passengers arrived during the year is 74,949. The number of coasting vessels arrived during the same period, is 3805, which added to the number of foreign arrivals, makes a total for the year, of 5765, which is an increase of 112 over that of last year. In this account the great number of coasting sloops are not included.

General News.

Finances of Massachusetts.—The Treasurer of this State, has sent in his report to the Senate on the subject of finance. He reports that the total amount received into the Treasury during the year, was $1,-310,000 00, and the receipts from ordinary sources of revenue $600,000 00. Of the State scrip to the amount of $604,137, which fell due during the year, there has been paid from the ordinary funds of the Treasury $94,137, and the further sum of $500,000 00 received under the act of Congress distributing the proceeds of the sales of the public lands, $100,000 00 was redeemed by the issue of new scrip, (payable in one, two, three and four years,) and $3000 has not been presented for payment.

Mormonism.—Samuel Bennet, formerly a Mormon, and one Anderson, now a member of that Brotherhood, lately held a great debate at Chicago, on the question "Is the Mormon religion true?" It must have been a "feast of reason" to the spectators. A young man named Brewster, a member of the Mormon Church, has recently published what he calls one of the lost books of the Bible, which was revealed by inspiration. The "Nauvoo Times," however, declares upon "authority," that Joe Smith is the only person permitted to be inspired, and therefore pronounces the book a humbug; in which verdict the public will no doubt agree.

New Rival.—It is stated that Sea Island cotton has become a great article of export from Bogota. It costs about three bits to raise, and it can be sold at Carthagena at five bits a pound, and pay a handsome profit. The government can therefore afford to put on an export duty of two cents a pound, and then undersell the North American planter. Two gentlemen sent out the seed, gins, &c., some few years ago, and they pretend to think that Bogota and the neighboring country will become a formidable rival to the Southern States in this branch.

Fall of a Tower.—Very early on the morning of Tuesday of last week, the massive tower of the German Catholic Church, in Suffolk street, Boston, fell into the street, with a tremendous crash, which awoke and alarmed the whole neighborhood, within a half mile's radius; and made the earth tremble. The cause is variously attributed, to an insecure foundation; to the want of ties, and a sufficiency of lime in the mortar; and to the thawing out of the frost. Damage estimated at between one and two thousand dollars.

Steamers Lost.—The steamer Henry Clay, one of the first boats on the western waters, was totally lost, a few days ago, by striking a snag in the Mississippi, near Randolph, Tenn. She was a new boat, and cost $40,000. She was on her way up the river from New Orleans, with a full cargo, which was also lost. The steamer James Wood has also been lost, being run into and sunk by the Monaggo below Nashville. There would seem to be quite an epidemic among the boats.

Acquitted.—We learn from the York Press that the trial of the Rev. Mr. Parke, accused of murder, resulted in his acquittal. There were a great many witnesses examined on both sides, which consumed so much of the time, that the case was submitted to the jury on Thursday week without any pleading on the part of the lawyers. After the jury heard the charge of the court, they retired, and returned in about twenty minutes, with a verdict of "*not guilty.*"

Education in New York.—From a report made last evening to the Board of Education by the deputy Superintendent of Schools for the city and county of New York, it appears, that out of 62,952 children of a suitable age to receive instruction according to the census of 1840, there are now 56,217 actually being instructed at the various schools, private and public in the city. Leaving only 6735 children who are not instructed in schools.

A Flourishing City.—The exports from Cleveland, Ohio, during the year 1842, amounted to $5,-851,898 56; of which something over $1,016,000 went to Canada. The number of arrivals by steamboat during the year, was 1056, and by other vessels 1416. The number of departures equal, less four. Of the aggregate exports, $1,116,720 consisted of wheat, $2,224,524 of flour, $194,500 of iron, $334,-264 of pork, and $101,308 of cheese.

Too Fast.—The New Orleans Picayune says:—Freights have "gone right up" since the receipt of the late favorable intelligence from Europe, and our sea captains now look as "happy as clams at high water." Several vessels have already been taken up at three farthings to Liverpool, and by many a still further advance is expected. We fear these good folks will find they have been shouting before they were out of the woods.

An Indian Relic.—Mr. Hull, superintendent of funerals, says the Lowell Courier, while at work recently in digging a grave, threw up the stone head of an Indian tomahawk. It has two edges, and a hole through the centre, for the handle, most exquisitely drilled. It weighs about a pound. Its breadth, about three and a half inches, and its length about two and a half inches. It has several dark spots on one side, which, perhaps, are blood spots.

Schools in New Jersey.—By the report of the Trustees of the School Fund, in this State, it appears that the whole number of children between the ages of 5 and 16, in the State, is estimated at 100,-000, of which 26,950 do not attend school. The whole number of school districts in the State is about 1500. Reports have been received from 978 only, in consequence of the neglect of the School Committees.

More Defalcation.—The New Orleans Picayune of the 1st inst. says—"It was yesterday discovered by the Commissioners for liquidating the affairs of the Citizens' Bank, that there was a deficit in the funds of $51,171 91. J. B. Perrault, the Cashier, addressed the Commissioners a letter, in which he exonerates all the other officers of the Bank from any knowledge of, or participation in, the embezzlement."

Track Him.—A correspondent of the New York Commercial is induced to believe that Edward A. Nicoll, late Secretary of the New York Life Insurance and Trust Company, took passage for Philadelphia on Saturday afternoon, the 24th of December, and entered the cars at the Patterson depot, which circumstance was noticed as being very unusual—as it seldom occurs that the afternoon train stops at that place.

Cold Water.—There is a famous theory now current in England, that all diseases may be cured by water. There is said to be a man in Sunderland, who has been practising the "cold water cure" to such excess, that he has to be hung up every night to get quit of the surplus water; and it is only by constant rubbing with horse-hair gloves that he is enabled to keep the *fins* from growing.

Melancholy.—Mrs. Reeder, wife of Mr. Charles Reeder, of Lawrence, N. Jersey, on Monday night week rose from her bed, while on a visit at the house of her son-in-law at Princeton, walked out and fell into the Stoney Brook on the road to Trenton. She was an exemplary and pious woman, and was somewhat disordered in her mind in consequence of an attack of sickness in the fall.

Wonderful Escape.—A little girl who was reaching out to fasten a blind, from a second story window in Boston the other day, when, losing her balance, she fell out. Fortunately she struck on a clothes line which was extended in the yard, which broke her fall, though at the same time parted with her weight, and let her down on a bank of snow. She was not injured.

Yucatan.—It is stated that still another engagement has taken place between the Mexicans and Yucatanese, outside the walls of Campeachy, in which the Mexicans were again repulsed, with considerable loss. The Mexican fleet was still before Campeachy, enforcing the blockade which was daily violated with impunity by trading vessels.

Twenty Persons Drowned.—The steamboat Macedonia grounded at Goose Island on her way up to St. Louis, a few days ago, and sent her passengers on shore in the yawl. On getting them on board again, the yawl capsized, and about twenty persons are supposed to have been lost. A few were saved by holding on to the guards of the boat.

Rewards.—The Governor of Louisiana has offered a reward of $500 for the apprehension of J. B. Perrault, the late Cashier of the Citizens' Bank, who embezzled its funds to the amount of $56,000. The same reward is offered for the apprehension of the murderer of G. W. Posey, of Lafayette. This strikes us as rather disproportionate.

Revolutionary Soldiers.—There are in the U. States just one hundred soldiers of the revolution on the pension list over one hundred years of age. The oldest man on the list is Michael Hale, of Union county, Pennsylvania, who is in his 115th year.

A Large Loss.—A package of $10,000, in bank notes, was lost at Louisville, last week, by the son of the President of the Kentucky Bank, as he was carrying it to the Danville branch.

Kentucky.—The Message of Gov. Letcher shows the debt of the State to be $3,302,785, all bearing an interest of 6 per cent., except $310,000, which bears 5. The Treasury shows a balance of $61,397. The Governor recommends that no further debt for Internal Improvements be contracted until that now due be paid or provided for.

End of the Drunkard.—On Wednesday night week, in the town of Onondaga, (N. Y.) a man named Michael Beadle, in attempting to reach his house while in a state of intoxication, became bewildered and perished in the cold. It is but another name to a long list of those whose excesses have terminated thus fatally.

Southern Manufactures.—In Jefferson county, Miss., a Scotch gentleman is putting up a manufactory, to run 300 spindles and 30 looms, quietly by steam. It is estimated that this new establishment will turn out 160 yards of linseys and jeans daily. Bagging, Lowells, and coarse negro goods will be also manufactured.

Stick to the Wreck.—Captain Josiah Sturgis, of the Revenue Cutter Hamilton, now cruising on the Boston station, has communicated to the Farmer's Almanac for 1843, an exceedingly valuable paper—the substance of which is, that in all cases of shipwreck, the safest course, is to stick by the wreck while a plank remains.

New Agent.—The New Bedford Mercury is noticing the circumstance that at the first of the year, every bond due at the Custom House at Charleston, (S.C.) was paid up, says that in that town it is no uncommon occurrence, as there never has been a bond left unpaid after it had matured.

A Small Robber.—The Baltimore Clipper of Saturday says that a letter carrier, lately employed in the City Post Office, in Washington, D. C., has absented himself from that place, having been detected in embezzling funds to the amount variously estimated at from five to fifteen thousand dollars.

Applicants for Bankruptcy.—The returns from sixteen States, of the applications in Bankruptcy, made in accordance with a call for information on the subject by Congress, show in the aggregate, 19,274 petitions, of which 17,694 were voluntary; 9471 have been finally discharged.

Fire in Rome.—A fire broke out on Thursday week last at Rome, Oneida County, (N. Y.) in a brick store, occupied by Mr. Peter Van Patten, Dry Goods Merchant, and Mr. H. S. Roberts, Bookseller. The dwelling was consumed. Mr. Van Patten was insured, but Mr. Roberts' loss is $3000.

A Hard Case.—President Houston, of Texas, is accused of corresponding clandestinely with Mexico, of misappropriating the public funds, of purloining sundry acts of legislature, and appropriating 100,000 acres of land for the use of the Santa Fe prisoners, besides other equally improper acts.

The Lone Star.—The Congress of Texas, it is said, had not been in session more than ten days, when forty petitions for divorce were presented. A proposition has been made in the "*lone star republic*" to let any couple divorce themselves, who choose, by notice in the newspapers.

Failing.—A Sheriff's sale was held at Harrisburg a few days since, when newly built houses sold for prices which would not pay for the lumber used in their construction, and houses and lots sold for less than half the price they would have brought two years ago.

Affairs in Hayti.—It is stated that the Haytien Government has indemnified the captains of the Spanish brig and falucca, which had been carried in by the Haytien corvette, and that they had sailed for Havana. Thus the war between Cuba and Hayti has ended.

A Flourishing City.—The population of Memphis, Tenn., is 3000. Last year there was shipped thence 60,000 bales of cotton. This year there will be shipped, it is estimated, 100,000 bales. For so small a city, this is certainly pretty good business.

Danger of Dissecting.—Dr. Barker, of Linn, (Mass.) died very suddenly on Sunday evening last, from the effects of the mortification of a dead body, while engaged in dissecting. He had a small wound in his hand, by which the infection entered.

A Cool Climate.—Franconia, in New Hampshire, keeps up its reputation for the coldest place south of the Pole. A few days since the thermometer stood at 19 degrees below Zero, and the snow in the vallies was twenty-three feet deep.

Signs of Progress.—It is said that the operations on the New York and Erie Rail-road are now progressing, and that all the iron rails on hand (sufficient for 18 miles of single track) would be laid by the 1st of March next.

☞ Joe Smith, the Mormon, has yielded himself up to the authorities of Illinois to answer to the charge of conspiring to assassinate Governor Boggs, of Missouri; but still keeps the matter at bay by a writ of habeas corpus.

A Large One.—A steamer of one thousand tons was launched in New York on Tuesday. Her length of deck is 230 feet—her breadth of beam 30, and depth of hold 10. She is to ply between New York and Troy.

Not the Last.—John Waggoner, whose death we chronicled the other day, was *not* the last member of Washington's Life Guards. The *last* member of that famed corps—Capt. Smith—is still living in Salem, Mass.

Disappearance.—On the 5th instant, George B. Ogden, President of the Canal Bank, New Orleans, left his home, and there were fears he had been murdered. His bank account was examined and found all straight.

☞ In 1845 there will be but one Bank remaining in Portsmouth, N. H., with a capital of $100,-000. Seven years ago the Banking capital was $1,-347,000.

☞ Hawlilio, the Ambassador from his Majesty of the Sandwich Islands to the United States, is now very sick at Southampton, Mass.

Specie.—One hundred thousand dollars in specie arrived at New Orleans on the 6th inst. by the ship Frances Ann, from Havre.

☞ The Montreal Aurora of the 27th ult., states that the population of that city is 40,357. In 1825 it was 9,000.

☞ The pianoforte was invented in London, about the year 1716, by a German, named Zumphi.

Local Intelligence.

Short Weight, &c.—James C. Staller, Clerk of High street Market, West of Tenth street, has made the following seizures during the year 1842:—447 lumps of butter, 56 lumps of lard, and 20 lumps of sausage—of which two-thirds were delivered to the Guardians of the Poor. Also, 75 light weights, 40 tin measures, 4 pairs scales, and 1 pair of steelyards. He has also instituted 22 suits, and recovered fines and costs, amounting in each case, from $3 31 to $6 31.

Fall of a House.—Some time during the night of Thursday week last, a three story brick house, in the Ridge Road, near Green street, fell with a heavy crash, to the great alarm of the neighborhood. The front and back walls both gave way. The building has only been erected within these few weeks past, very fortunately it was untenanted.

The Indicted Firemen.—Two of the members of the Franklin Hose Company, who who were presented by the Grand Jury on Friday week, were arrested upon bench warrants on Saturday, and were bound over in $1000 to take their trials at the present term of the court. Their names are George McCollum and Barney Duddy.

A New Ice House.—The Messrs. Parkinson have just constructed a very extensive Ice House at Fairmount, on a new plan. It is 100 feet square and already contains 100,000 bushels. The walls are triple and all of stone, the building, 35 feet deep, is entered by a door from the top, to which a platform road is constructed.

Church Pews at Public Sale.—A public sale of a portion of the lower pews of the Seventh Presbyterian Church, situated in Broad street above Chesnut, took place on Monday morning. The total of the proceeds of the sale was $10,535.

Fire.—The extensive Wheelwright Shop of Samuel Reed, situated on Ashton below Walnut street, was entirely destroyed by fire about half past 9 o'clock on Wednesday evening—the result of accident. Supposed loss about $3000.

☞ The difficulties between the Kensington weavers and their employers have been adjusted, and all is quiet again.

Adjournment.—The United States Circuit Court was yesterday adjourned until Monday the 6th of February.

Political Intelligence.

Little Delaware is comfortable. The Governor says:—"Our public finances are still free from embarrassment, our surplus revenue remains undiminished, and every demand which has been made in the mean time upon the Treasury of the State has been promptly met and discharged. Our currency, though reduced, is still perfectly sound; our credit continues unimpaired; and no imputation of repudiation of political faith or public dishonor rests upon the fair fame of our Commonwealth."

Georgia.—The Savannah Republican gives returns from fifty-five counties, which give Crawford, Whig, 2761 majority. The Republican says he will have from six to ten thousand majority in the State. The Legislature of the State has adjourned, having at the very last hour, and by a majority of one only, passed an act imposing an increased tax of twenty-five per cent. on the tax of 1841, and forty-five per cent. over that of 1840.

Maine.—The report of the Treasurer of this State makes its total liabilities for money borrowed, falling due previous to 1855, $1,336,960 75. The ordinary expenses of the year 1843, are estimated at $490,-116 93. The receipts for the same year are estimated at $293,566 46. The total amount of interest accruing on the public debt for 1843, will be $102,-985 41.

☞ The Governor of Louisiana, in his annual message, says the State will never repudiate. Such appears to be the language of all true patriots of all parties, and the word will, we trust, in a few years go out of the political vocabulary.

☞ The money for the payment of the interest upon the Foreign Debt of Georgia, due in London in March next, has already been provided.

Gen. Lewis Cass, had a great and enthusiastic reception at Harrisburg, on Tuesday.

Popular Lectures.

(REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS PAPER.)

THE ATHENIAN INSTITUTE.

THE REV. DR. BETHUNE'S SECOND LECTURE.

Moral Opinions of the Ancients—Moral Opinions of the Common People of Antiquity.

In considering the moral opinions of the ancients, we were met at the outset by difficulties, one of which was, to discriminate between the opinions of the vulgar and of philosophers. In ancient times, the philosophers despised the vulgar, and considered that they should be restrained in their knowledge. Hence, the common people were sometimes taught doctrines that the teachers knew to be false—the exoteric or *inner* opinions and knowledge,—the most important—being kept to themselves. There was consequently, a difficulty in distinguishing truth from error—particularly as in the "mysteries," there were the outer symbols and opinions for the many—the *inner* or real meanings and knowledge being enjoyed by very few. Even to this hour, many were the disputes as to the inner meaning of many things outwardly known. Another difficulty was the chronological order, so uncertain before the Pythagorean stream mingled with ancient knowledge. All these were difficulties, especially to persons unaccustomed to eclectic controversy. We were apt to commence with Socrates, but morals, or the difference between right and wrong, were taught long before his day by the earliest founders, philosophers, &c., of Greece, such as Atticus, &c. All systems, religious and philosophical, of the ancients, allowed the existence of a Supreme God; but at the same time, their ideas of his moral influence were very small, except in the systems of Socrates and Plato, until they were corrupted by the Pythagorean School. The Hindoo mythology acknowledged a Supreme God, but that the Government of men was rather the business of the inferior Gods. The Hindoo and Egyptian accounts of the Creation, &c., having been referred to, the lecturer remarked that Plutarch considered that the Egyptians worshipped an original God; but at the same time, that all minor affairs were carried on by the inferior Gods. Similar, too, was the belief of the Chaldeans. The Persians worshipped the Sun, but the Magi thought the Sun to be only the palace or glory of the God, and Zoroaster, of Babylon, taught the doctrine of two principles—Ormuz, the principle of good, and Arimanes, of evil. The Greeks and Romans, with all their polytheism, traced their Gods up to some supposed original, expressed by the word "God." Hesiod, in his "Works and Days," seemed to consider this in his allusions to Jupiter, the Creation, &c. Orpheus adopted as a deity, Chronos (Time;) and in the hymns called "Orphic," allusion was made to Saturn, as "Sire of Gods and men;" also as "Father of all." Also to Jupiter, and in the passage commencing "Parent of all," and closing with "beginning and end." * * * * "Saturnian Jupiter."

In another passage, Law was called the origin of the gods; while the fact of the Supreme Being was recognized in the altar erected to the "Unknown God;" alluding to which, the Apostle says: "Whom ye ignorantly worship, I declare unto you." Greece and Rome gave all their worship to inferior deities. But it was not probable that any intelligent ancient would have told us that he worshipped the idol before which he bowed down; but he would have told us, that he only wished to recall the power and attributes of a God, when gazing on the statue. So with the golden calf, which was an emblem of the Deity, such as the Egyptians used; and it was remarkable that Aaron said, in allusion to the day on which it was set up—"to-morrow is the feast of Jehovah." Then in the next age came hero-worship; also of the chief contributors to the good of mankind (Dieroum gentium)—such distinguished persons as Bacchus, Ceres, &c. who had been eminently useful, which were afterwards exalted into gods. Then Nature produced her gods—such as the sea being personified by Neptune—Saturn or Terra, the earth—Sol or Phoebus, the sun—Juno the moon—fire by Pluto, &c. &c. Every lake, river, grove and tree, had at length its tutelar deity. Minerva personified learning—Ceres was the goddess who gave the vine, crops, &c.—and some had thought that Bacchus was the legendary Noah,—from the grave or gay songs sung in whose name and worship, came tragedy and comedy. The Apostle said truly—"When they knew God, they worshiped him not as God"—but "who changed truth into a lie, and worshipped the creature more than the creator." Such were the Greeks and Romans. The Hindoos held that souls were emanations from the Deity, and would return to God, but not till after many changes, as taught in the doctrines of the Metempsychosis. The Scythians met death with intrepidity, because of their belief in immortality after death. The Druids also believed in immortality after death; and it was remarkable that the Northern nations had the most perfect idea of the immortality of the soul. The Egyptians believed in the metempsychosis. Orpheus, according to Diodorus Siculus, held that men were happy or miserable after death, according to their works in this life. The curiosity to know what would occur hereafter, had been the cause of many a predecessor of Rip Van Winkle having existed. In short, returning to earth, going down into caverns, and even into the shades below, were quite common tricks with the ancients—not excepting even Pythagoras. Exhalations issuing from the earth and from caves, were especially useful in this kind of imposture, and a description of one of these by Virgil, was quoted. The lecturer had recently attempted to enter the Cave of a hundred mouths, called the Sybil's Baths; but instead of being guided by a Sybil, he was mounted on a lazzaroni. When they returned, it was with begrimed faces and soiled clothes. Truly a Sybil might have bathed there long, and not have been a very clean lady, the water being wretchedly dirty—quite the reverse of the waters of the Delaware or the Schuylkill. Dante, Virgil, Homer and Hesiod, told of descents into Hades, each probably borrowing from the other. A story was also told by Plato, in the book of the Republic, of Eros, a Pamphylian, that in those days excited wonder.

It was related by Plato, in the tenth book of his Republic, that when Eros, the Pamphylian, had been killed in battle, and persons came ten days after to take away the already putrified corpses, his was found wholesome and entire. They carried him home, and on the twelfth day, when he was on the funeral pile, he came to life again, and related to the assistants, that which he had seen in the other world. "As soon," said he, "as my soul was gone out of my body, I arrived with a crowd of other souls, in a place altogether wonderful, where were seen in the earth two openings near each other, and two corresponding openings in the heavens. Between these two regions, the Judges were seated. As soon as they had pronounced their sentences, they ordered the just to take their road to the right, by one of the openings of heaven, after having fastened in front of them, a writing which contained the judgment rendered in their favor. The wicked were to take their road to the left, by one of the openings of the earth, carrying on their backs a similar writing, in which all their actions were recorded. After I was presented, the judges decided that I should convey to men the news of what passed in the other world, and ordered me to listen to and remark in that place, all that I was about to witness. I saw at first, the souls of those who had been judged—those mounting to heaven, those descending under the earth, by the two corresponding openings. At length, by the other opening of the earth, I saw souls coming out, covered with filth and dust; while at the same time, by the other opening in heaven, other souls descended, pure and without stain. They all appeared to have come from a long voyage, and remained with pleasure in the meadow, as in a place of assembly. Those who knew each other, after saluting, demanded news of what was going on, whether in heaven or beneath the earth. One party related their adventures with groaning and tears, drawn from them by a recollection of what they had suffered, or seen suffered by others, during their long voyage beneath the earth, of which the duration was a thousand years. The others, who came from heaven, gave a recital of the delightful pleasures they had enjoyed, and the marvellous sights that they had seen." The story of Eros went on to say, that the souls were punished ten times for each of the injustices they had committed in life, and that each punishment was one hundred years; and that the rewards of those who had been holy and virtuous were in similar proportion for their good actions, &c., &c.

It was a popular notion among the ancients, that eminently good men were received among the gods. The soul was eternal, and Proclus gave a fact in evidence of the spirit or soul existing separately from the body. If true, the ancient magicians knew something of Phrenology. It was Clearchus, in his Treatise on Sleep, who said that he was possessed of the soul-attracting wand with which, while in the presence of Aristotle, he made operations on a lad asleep; that he separated his soul from his body, and guided it whithersoever he would; after which, it having returned to his body, the lad told every thing that had happened. Unfortunately, Clearchus was not familiar with Phrenology, and the bumps of acquisitiveness, destructiveness—amatory, &c.; and the lecturer remarked that he could not conceive how, if the soul was absent from the body, it could be influenced by a pressure of the finger or pointing a wand, on particular bumps on the outside of the brain; but he was willing to acknowledge that—

"There are more things in heaven and earth,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

It was a pity that Clearchus did not tell us of what wood, whether of witch-hazel, or any other mystic tree, this wand was made. The ancients mostly believed in a future state of rewards and punishments; but their Elysium was so filled with crimes, that the North American Indian's heaven seemed to the lecturer to be preferable; while their philosophers, who taught morality and religion, did nothing but walk about, addressing the people—a sort of eternal Athenian lecture.

In commenting on skepticism, Dr. B. said there was no being so credulous as a skeptic, who was ever ready to take up any high-sounding nonsense that assumed the name of philosophy.

The resurrection of the body, the lecturer described as peculiarly Christian, brought to light by Him, who was the "resurrection and the life." Justin Martyr was here cited as showing that He alone knew how to bestow incorruptibility on that which was incorruptible. The polytheists and heathen generally pronounced a belief in the resurrection, a creed of worms, and scattered the ashes of martyred Christians on the "arrowy Rhone," in derision of the Christian resurrection. The lecturer alluded with much emphasis to the gallantries of the gods, carried on in Protean shapes, especially by Jove the thunderer, and in commenting on the evil effect of the example set by the heathen gods on the morals of antiquity, not only in the above mentioned, but in other crimes, he observed that, in any modern, Christian and civilized country, scarcely one of the Olympian Family would have escaped the Penitentiary—except that gold in the form of a bribe, as had sometimes been the case in courts below, had softened the Judges, and enabled the rich and *respectable* to break through the meshes of the law like cobwebs, while the poor were visited with condign punishment. Mercury, god of the lyre, was himself a liar and a thief—and the same revolting character was true of nearly all the gods of the East, where people often worshipped gods in the very names derived from their licentiousness and profligacy. Their practices in their worship became at last so notorious, as to be put down by public authority; but not in all cases from full moral and virtuous motives. Plato forbade drunkenness, except at a feast of Bacchus; Xenocrates won a crown at a drinking-bout; and even the good Socrates was not exempt, for we found him at times conversing with men of the most depraved character. In fact, they just made gods after their own depraved hearts, and those who made them were like unto them.

What effect on the people had such sentiments as that used by Helen, in Euripides, where she asks, "How could I be expected to resist temptation, when Jupiter yielded?" So in Plautus and Terence, who have several characters boasting of the debaucheries of the Gods. Piety was much insisted on, but if that piety were impure, we might say, perhaps, the less pious the better. Plato would have destroyed marriage, in his Social State, with all its holy consequences of children and home. Suicide, too, was common. Cato, of Utica, destroyed himself, and Cato, the elder, said that an old worn-out slave ought to be treated as an old worn-out town. But we must draw our sketch to a close. The lecturer had no desire to make the ancients worse than they were; but as a consequence of not knowing the true God—the brute, in too many instances reigned over mind. Thus, when the Athenians gained a victory over the Melians, who had committed no fault, but defending their country—all the men were murdered, the women polluted, and their children sold into slavery. Yet these horrible acts were committed by a nation, the most refined—where Socrates, Plato, Euripides, and a host of other philosophers and poets—and where the Parthenon, and the works and sculpture of a Phidias and a Praxiteles—delighted the nation. Truly had they been described by Mitchell, as cruel, capricious, and idle—alternately sharpers and dupes. Dark and superstitious fear made them tremble—and we traced their belief in fate or blind destiny. The horrid crimes represented in some of the Greek tragedies, particularly, of a brother serving up at a banquet, the flesh of his brother Thyestes' children, for their father to eat—the cruel sacrifice of Iphigenia—the murder of Agamemnon by his wife Clytemnestra—her murder by her son—the woes of his sister Electra—and the Furies him pursuing with fiery wrath—until saved by Apollo, to whom he raised his vows—were all vividly depicted to show the shocking crimes imputed to their Gods and heroes. The lecturer remarked that he could have deepened the picture—but he had not dared before a Christian audience; and perhaps even as it was, he had been tempted to go too far. In concluding, the lecturer, after touching on the falsehood of Epimenides, who said he had power to leave his body, referred to the Seven Wise Men of Greece—Thales, Solon, Chilo, Pittacus, Bias, Cleobulus, and Periander. Each of these had left a memorable maxim. The first was that of Bias—"Know thyself." He held that good and wise men were few, but knaves and fools innumerable. The second was Thales—then Solon, whose maxim was, "Consider thy end." The maxims of Chilo were, "It is better to be loved than feared; and, never speak evil of the dead; go not security for your neighbor, for then you are sure to lose." Pittacus said:—"Do nothing for your neighbor, that you would not that he should do unto you."

It was ungallant in him to say—"The course of water and the humor of women are uncertain things." Cleobulus observed—"Never marry a wife too rich, lest you should be a slave to her relatives." Periander, though the Archbishop of Cambray wondered why he should be placed among the Wise Men, because of his folly and immoral doctrines, taught that "a man should keep his word if not more profitable to break it;"—or in other words,—and in modern phrase—that "his principles should be just in proportion to his interest!" The lecturer having touched on Zeno and scepticism—the atomic philosophers—Anaxagoras, whose strong mind grasped the truth—observed that all these prepared the way for that great master of morals and philosophy—Socrates. The Sophists were deservedly censured. The profession of that sect was, so to use rhetoric and the dialectic arts, as to prove whatever they chose; indeed they were never so delighted as when they made the worse appear the better reason, or when they made a wise man look like a fool. Still they improved the art of debating; and in Aristotle and Socrates, they saw their own art put to better uses. Dr. Bethune, having contrasted briefly, heathen morality with the superior light and god-like principles of Christianity—observed that he had brought down the state of Greece in morals and philosophy to the time of Socrates, a consideration of whose life, character and doctrines, would commence the next lecture.

The Musical Fund Hall was thronged with intelligence and fashion, and the lecture was listened to with profound attention.

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Notices of New Works.

THE LADY'S WORLD *for February*, 1843, which has already made its appearance, has been pronounced by the press to challenge every competitor for a comparison. The number is indeed splendid, and considering the low price of the work, must place the magazine in the hands of every lady of taste in the country. We notice not less than six beautiful embellishments, no two of which are in the same style of art; and we are free to say that the other periodicals for this month fall short of the "Lady's World," both in the number and variety of the illustrations. Among the embellishments we notice one entirely novel, viz., a head of a lovely female, colored after life, and giving the effect of a miniature. As this is something original with Mr. Peterson, we shall expect to see other periodicals, as is the usual practice, imitating it. The fashion plate, as usual, contains six figures, and is several months in advance, being direct from Paris. The literary contents are from the following popular and able writers: Mrs. Mary V. Spencer, Mrs. Catharine Allan, Mrs. Catharine H. Ford, Mrs. E. S. Swain, Miss Ellen Ashton, Miss Harriet J. Bowles, John Tomlin, S. D. Anderson, Thomas H. Chivers, M. D., George G. Foster, James H. Dana, Alexander A. Irvine, Benjamin L. Fry, John S. Jenkins, Edward J. Porter, and David M. Elwood. The tale by the latter, entitled "The Maid of Scatacook," is one of the best Indian stories we have ever read. Mrs. Spencer's story will be found in our columns to-day. Among the poetry we see, perhaps, best pleased with "The Evening Land," by Dr. Chivers, a poet of uncommon tenderness and beauty. As the best evidence, however, of the worth of the number, we annex a few of the opinions of the cotemporary press. Price, $2 00 per annum.

THE LADY'S WORLD.—Foremost in presenting itself to the public, and in all probability, foremost in point of attraction, we greet with pleasure the visit of this pleasant monthly, the number of which for February is already before us. The principal embellishment is a beautiful mezzotint, by Sartain, of "The Poet's Bride." The figure is full of faultless grace, and a winning smile lights up the face, such as will make the gazer look long and earnestly upon it. A pretty imitation of Lace Work, with a boquet of flowers in the centre, follows; to which succeeds a a fine line engraving of "The Descent into the Valley of Wyoming"—a landscape so beautiful, as to be alone worth the price of the number. The latest Fashions are presented in a number of handsome figures. They all look very well, and that is as much as we can say about them; for as to being able to speak critically upon the subject, that is out of the question. The ladies, nevertheless, will examine and judge for themselves. The literary contents are of a very valuable nature; and after taking a good look at the pictures, it will be but right to give a good look and an earnest thought for the reading which has been provided.—*U. S. Gazette.*

THE LADY'S WORLD, for February, surpasses in elegance and beauty any of its preceding numbers, and challenges ALL of the magazines of the same month for comparison. It is embellished by FIVE splendid mezzotint and colored engravings. The work must be seen before it can be appreciated.—*N. York Sun.*

THE LADY'S WORLD—Vol. 3, No. 2—with the London and Paris Fashions. The embellishments of this number are of great richness and beauty. The colored head is something original, and the lace work and colored flowers very fine. The number is a whole half month in advance.—*New York Herald.*

THE LADY'S WORLD.—We can conscientiously recommend this invaluable work to the favor of the Ladies as one of the very best periodicals now extant. It is a credit to the literature of our country, being beautifully printed and embellished with superb engravings. The matter it contains is of the first order; and what adds more to its claims on the patronage of the reading public is, that it is the *cheapest* work of the kind now published. Every lady should extend to it her support.—*Temperance Star, Newark, N. J.*

☞ The February number is profuse in embellishments, and those, too, of the first class. There is a beautiful mezzotint by Sartain, "The Poet's Bride;" an embroidery pattern, with colored centre piece; "The Valley of Wyoming," a fine line engraving; "Agnes," a colored lithograph, and the Fashion Plate, six figures handsomely colored. There are also thirty-two octavo pages, embracing well-written contributions. The price of this work is only $2 per annum.—*N. Y. Com. Ad.*

☞ We believe the other Magazines will have to "knock under" to the "Lady's World."—*Newtown Journal.*

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW: No. CXVIII.—The January number of our only literary Quarterly is not equal to some of its predecessors in the interest of its subjects, or in ability. The articles on the Life of Curwen, the Works of Alexander Dumas, Downing's Rural Architecture, and Eckfeldt and Du Bois on Coins, will, however, all well repay the trouble of reading. Dickens is highly lauded, and Dumas, we think, is treated with something too much severity. The North American Review is altogether the most important periodical published on this continent, and every gentleman who devotes the slightest attention to literature should receive it. Messrs. Drew & Scammell are the Philadelphia agents for it.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.—We ought to have mentioned, two or three weeks ago, that Gen. Morris, for so many years the editor and publisher of the New York Mirror, is about to resume its issue, upon the old plan and price, and with the aid of as many of the old constellation of contributors as are left among us. That such an enterprise will be hailed with pleasure by the reading public, we cannot doubt, nor can it fail to be abundantly successful.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE.—For the third number of this excellent work we are indebted to Perkins and Purves, and to Burgess and Zieber. Among all the serials which have been published in the country, this is one of the most valuable, and deserves the large circulation which it enjoys.

URE.—The second part of the five number edition of Ure's Dictionary has been published in this city, by G. S. Appleton. We spoke in our last of the estimation in which the work is held.

Literary Intelligence.

ANCIENT CAMEO.—In the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences at Brussels, M. Pierquinde Gembloux presented a magnificent cameo of the fifth century, found at Orchimont in 1811, in an old church. It is supposed to represent Attila, and according to the judgement of several members of the Academy, must have been executed in Belgium, as the stone is a kind of flint, peculiar to the country.

ANOTHER.—It is said that Mr. Abbott, an English comedian who has been some years in this country has in press, in New York, a work upon England and America.

THE ASTOR LIBRARY.—John Jacob Astor has, it is said, appropriated 300,000 dollars for the erection of a public library on Lafayette and Astor Places, New York.

☞ Lady Bulwer has a new novel in press, "founded on the oft encoroidered story of Bianca Capello."

☞ The Baltimore Patriot says:—Persons should be careful in receiving ten and five cent pieces, as there are a number of counterfeits in circulation. We have been shown some that were excellent imitations and well calculated to deceive the eye.

Agricultural.

KICKING COWS.—"Hang that cow—how she kicks!" says the milk maid. Yes, that's the right way to treat her. Hang her. You've hit on the remedy, though you were not aware of it when you pronounced that awful sentence, "Hang that Cow." A writer in the Farmer's Cabinet has told the secret publicly. He says, merely place the patient (he should have said impatient) in a stable with a beam over her head, and pull away so as to raise her head pretty high in the air, but not so as to raise her legs from the ground. In this position she will not only be disabled from kicking, but will give down her milk without the least hesitation—not from any spite or ill will, but because she can't help it.

A FAT TEE-TOTALLER.—The Exeter (N. H.) News Letter says:—"Mr. Fiske, of this town, killed a hog a few days since, which weighed 545 pounds. We saw him a short time before he was slaughtered, and he did credit to his keeping. He seemed even fatter than his owner, and looked just about as easy and good natured. He was educated on the strictest principles of Washingtonian Tee-totalism, and was fatted entirely on corn and cold water. If it were not for the killing and eating part of the business, we should not wonder so much at Mr. Lincoln, who concludes one of his celebrated reports on swine, with the opinion that 'if a man won't be a man, he had better be a hog.'

A DELICIOUS PICKLE.—A farmer's wife residing at Shipton, near Andover, England, among a variety of other pickles which she annually introduces into her store room, preserves pickled eggs. The process she uses in curing them is very simple. When she has a large stock of eggs on hand, she boils six or seven dozen till they become hard. She then divests them of the shell, and puts them into large jars, pouring on them scalding vinegar saturated with ginger, garlic, whole pepper, and allspice. This pickle is an admirable aid to cold meat, and is in the winter months regarded as a perfect farm-house luxury.

CORN COBS.—The Maine Cultivator says: The most economical method of disposing of corn cobs, is doubtless to pound them up and grind them with corn for stock. But as this is often neglected, another excellent mode of disposal is to soak them in pickle and feed them to cows or other cattle in the yard. A large tub, formed by sawing a hogshead in two, near the middle, should be placed in a convenient place, near the yard, and being filled with cobs, a sufficiency of warm water, strongly impregnated with common salt, should be poured over them to render them soft and palatable to the stock.

A PRODUCTIVE COW.—Mr. Smith, Mayor of Brooklyn, exhibited at the Show of the American Institute, a cow that has yielded for ten months, an average of 27 quarts a day; and for 20 days in succession, gave from 33 to 34 quarts of milk per day. The cow is without pedigree, having been purchased by a master of a vessel in England, and sold on her arrival here. The food has been Indian and Oat meal, about 6 quarts each per day, with as much hay and grass as she requires. The owner has frequently bled her slightly, and occasionally bathed her back and loins with spirits of turpentine.

PRESERVING EGGS.—There is a patent in England for preserving eggs; the composition used is as follows, and by adopting the method, it is said, eggs have been kept two years: "One bushel of quick lime, thirty-two ounces of salt, eight ounces of cream of tartar. Mix the whole together, with as much water as will reduce the composition, to such a consistency, that an egg when put into it will swim."

AN IOWA FARM.—This farm and its plenishing, remind one of the old Hebrew patriarchs; Job, of Uz, or Laban, of Padan Aram. The Hawkeye says, that the farm of Mr. Thompson, in Louisa county, Iowa, has upwards of 20,000 bushels of corn, 300 fat hogs, 150 head of neat cattle, 600 head of sheep, (500 for sale) 250 acres of wheat, 400 acres of corn, besides large quantities of potatoes, &c.

POTATOES, frozen and permitted to thaw, are thereby rendered unfit for use, but if thrown at once into a kettle of boiling water, while the frost is in them, they will be found equally as nutritious and palatable as those that have not been frozen. It is the freezing and thawing that deteriorates their eating properties, and renders them always more or less strong, and unfit for food.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.—Mrs. Mesheck Weare, of Andover, Maine, has made from three cows and a heifer, during the past summer, 660 lbs., of cheese and 200 lbs., of butter, besides a sufficient quantity to supply her family. For the cheese she received 7 cents per pound, and 14 cents for the butter—making the whole amount of her receipts $70! Very well for a *female farmer*.

GREAT OX.—The Albany Cultivator presents the engraved likeness of the Syracuse Ox exhibited at the New York State Fair at Albany, Sept. 28, 1842, and then said to weigh 4260 lbs. He is eight years old: his live weight February 18th, 1841, was 3360 lbs. January 16th, 1842, he had gained to the weight of 3400 lbs. In eight months afterwards he gained 860 lbs.

EGGS.—A correspondent of the Inquirer says that she has found by keeping a number of the *first sets* of chickens that are hatched on the farm in the spring and retaining them for laying *hens*—suffering very few hens more than two or three years old to be kept on the premises, that their yield of eggs has very much increased.

MAPLE SUGAR IN MAINE.—The Maine Cultivator states that in the one town of Fryeburgh, in that State, about thirty tons of maple sugar are manufactured annually, and that that has been the average quantity for the last thirty-five years. Many towns in the interior manufacture annually from four to five tons.

CRANBERRY JELLY.—Make a very strong isinglass jelly. When cold, mix it with a double quantity of Cranberry juice, pressed as directed for dressing Cranberries; sweeten and boil it up; then strain it into shape. The sugar must be loaf, or the jelly will not be clear.

LARD OIL IN BALTIMORE.—We learn from the American Farmer, that the manufactory of oil and candles, from lard, is about to be commenced in Baltimore, on a large scale. The machinery is now in process of erection.

FINE MUTTON.—The Cincinnati Gazette speaks of three Bakewell sheep raised in Franklin county, Ia., of large size and fine fleece. Their weight, alive, was 207, 197, and 191 pounds; they were two years old last spring.

LARGE OX.—A large ox, weighing upwards of 3700 lbs., was exhibited recently in Boston. He was fattened by Billings & Sons of Hatfield, and is as fine an animal as was ever exhibited in market.

A GOOD CROP.—J. M. Pelton, Esq., of Terrebonne, La., made this year, from nine acres of cane, *forty thousand pounds* of sugar, and he has not yet finished rolling.

☞ A peach tree was in full bloom in Charleston on Sunday week.

Religious Intelligence.

LIBERAL DONATION.—Joseph Dugan, Esq. of this city, has presented a lot of ground, situated in the township of Passyunk, usually called the "Neck," to the congregation of the Evangelical Lutheran Trinity Church, recently organized in that vicinity, for the purpose of building thereon a church, and for a cemetery. This munificent gift will, no doubt, prove a blessing to the inhabitants of the district, as in the whole of that part of the county of Philadelphia, there is no house expressly set apart for the public worship of God.

FRUITS OF REPENTANCE.—The Inquirer states that a man who admitted that he had recently realized the happy influences of religion, called upon a clergyman in this city, a day or two ago, and said that he desired to place in his hands about fifty dollars, to be distributed among the poor, inasmuch as in the course of his business, he had taken unjust advantage of various individuals to the extent of the sum named. Being unable to find the persons he had directly injured, he desired to repair the wrong as far as possible.

RELIGIOUS AWAKENINGS.—From all portions of the country we find in our exchange papers accounts of increased attention to religious subjects. In Reading, Pa., revivals of religion have taken place in the Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, English Lutheran and German Reformed churches, to an extent which has never been equalled since the settlement of the town. In Maine, and particularly in the town of Bath, the same spirit of enthusiasm exists.

☞ The N. Y. Tatler says,—"We understand that a very spirited revival is progressing among the Methodists of our city, Brooklyn and Williamsburg. Their churches are open almost every night, and the anxious benches are well filled."

WESLEYAN SEMINARY.—The Wesleyan Seminary, at Lima, N. Y., destroyed by fire last Spring, has been rebuilt and its operation recommenced under President Olin. The new building is much larger than the old one, it being four stories high, and 144 feet long by 56 deep; there are about one hundred rooms for students, and the Faculty sufficiently numerous to give instruction to six hundred. The edifice has been erected at an expense of about twenty four thousand dollars.

HEBREWS IN NEW YORK.—The Jews in New York are said to be ten thousand in number. They have six synagogues. Their Benevolent Society has, in the last year, collected about 5000 and expended about 4000 dollars. The legal liabilities they still lie under in some countries of Europe, and the strong prejudices they there have to encounter, are, it is said, driving many persons of this faith to seek refuge in the United States.

ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.—This institution is in a very flourishing condition. The annual catalogue has just been published, a copy of which has been sent us. From it we learn that there are at present one hundred and twenty students belonging to the Seminary. Of this number eight are resident Licentiates—thirty-three are Seniors—twenty-nine are of the middle class, and fifty are juniors.

AFRICAN CHAPELS.—The Sierra Leone Watchman says: "Out of twenty-six Wesleyan chapels in Sierra Leone, the roof timbers, the flooring and other wood work, of twenty are composed nearly entirely of slave-ships, which have been taken by her Majesty's men-of-war on the coast, and condemned by the mixed commission court."

☞ The General Synod of the German Reformed Church, is called to meet in special session in New York on the 25th inst.

☞ A great religious excitement prevails at Frederick, Md., produced by the preaching of Professor Maffit.

Army & Navy.

PAIXHAN GUNS.—One hundred of these guns, manufactured in Pittsburgh, have been tested and found good. They were double charged with powder and shot. Usually in such tests, the slow match is used in the discharge, the operator retiring to avoid accident. In this case, the confidence of the workmen was such, that they stood their ground and touched off the pieces. The grain of the metal is close, and it is formed principally of a mixture of Juniata and Hanging Rock pig.

MEDITERRANEAN.—The ship Alkmar, Eustis, from Port Mahon, has arrived at Norfolk, having on board as passenger, Dr. John O. C. Barclay, U. S. Navy, and Midshipmen C. H. Baldwin, R. C. Duval, W. B. Browne, C. H. Oakley, a number of seamen, invalids, from the Mediterranean squadron. The squadron, consisting of the U. S. ship Columbus, 74, frigate Congress, and sloops Fairfield and Preble, sailed from Mahon for Genoa on the 13th Nov.—all well.

THE UNION.—The steamer Union, under the command of Lieut. Hunter, left the Navy Yard at Washington, on Saturday, on an experimental trip to Norfolk. She will there be taken into the Dry Dock, in order to effect a modification in her paddles. She went as far as Alexandria from the Navy Yard, against a stiff head wind, in forty minutes, which is considered as very satisfactory.

☞ The Boston Mercantile Journal, states that orders have been received at that Naval station, to get ready for sea, with all despatch, the Frigate Potomac, and the new Frigate Cumberland, now lying at the Navy Yard. It is said that the Frigate Savanah, in New York, will also be got ready for sea without delay.

☞ It is rumored that the Navy Department has recalled Commodore Ap Catesby Jones, commanding the U. S. Squadron, that took the town of Monterey, on the Coast of California, supposing that Mexico and the United States were at war.

☞ Great activity has been caused at the different Naval Stations, by orders from the head of the department, to fit immediately for sea quite a large number of vessels. Their sailing orders have not yet been received.

☞ Capt. Parker, U. S. Navy, has been ordered immediately to take the command of the Squadron in the Pacific. Com. Jones will return home and an investigation into the affair at Monterey be had.

☞ We are told that Commodore Stewart will, in a few days, sail for the Gulf of Mexico, in the U. S. Ship Independence, in order to take command of the squadron in that quarter.

☞ The Norfolk Beacon, states that orders have been received to re-build the Warren, Sloop of War, and put another brig on the stocks, at the Gosport Navy Yard.

☞ The U. S. brig Boxer, Lieut. Com. Bullus, bound to the West Indies, went to sea from Hampton Roads, on Friday week, with a fine breeze from north-west.

☞ The U. S. brig Dolphin sailed from Pensacola, (Fla.) on the 1st inst. for Campeachy, leaving the steam frigate Missouri, and the U. S. sloop Falmouth in port.

☞ The U. S. sloop Saratoga, is nearly ready for sea, at Portsmouth, N. H. The command has been given to Captain Tatnall.

☞ One of Francis' patent life boats, ordered for an English frigate, was shipped on Monday at New York, for England.

Items of News.

A CHEERFUL PROSPECT.—A correspondent of the Ledger says:—"The child is now born who will see Pennsylvania teeming with life, having a population equal to that of the whole United States at present—say 18 or 20 millions! Our State can maintain more persons *under* the surface than all who are now upon the surface; say four millions can draw a comfortable maintenance by their labor beneath the surface—our rivers and canals can maintain half as many more; so that Pennsylvania will prosper, let others do as they may." We like the man's spirit, at any rate, for nothing is so likely to produce good times, as a belief that they are coming. That the converse of the proposition is true, we have unfortunately proved, also.

MILITARY MATTERS in New Orleans, would appear to be in the ascendant—three editors of that city having received promotion. One of them, Mr. Kelly, of the Chronicle, is quite modest, and admits, that though a *Major* he is still *mortal*. Two others, Captain Bradbury, of the Tropic, and Captain Kendall, of the Picayune, seem disposed to create civil war, as thus appears:

"Captain Kendall is respectfully requested not to march his company by *our* office at all."—*Tropic.*

"We'll march our company *by* your office just when we please, Capt. Bradbury, and *into* it if you say two words. Hail Columbia—who's afraid!"—*Picayune.*

ADVICE.—The science of getting into trouble has been thus reduced to a system by a modern philosopher: "Always keep a sharp lookout after your neighbor's concerns; knowledge, you know, is power. Get upon parish committees; if a party question, never mind which side you take, it will show your impartiality—besides it will let you into the secrets of each. Always speak your mind boldly—no matter where, or who hears you. Do not refuse to be bail for poor Bob—it is only a trifle. Take an active part in popular elections. If all these do not succeed—go to law."

CURIOUS SUIT.—The Maryland Court of Appeals is occupied with a case, in which the county of Washington, in that State, sue the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company for the recovery of one million of dollars. In the law of 1836, granting three millions by the State to the railroad, it is provided that if the road does not touch Washington county, the Company shall forfeit one million of dollars to that county. The road having been made in a different direction, the county now claim the money.

☞ Some exchange paper tells the story of a military roysterer in Montreal, who was attempting the other night, *à la Waterford*, to pull down the sign of a respectable tradesman. The latter discovered our hero while thus employed, took away the ladder whereby he had ascended, and kept him there all night, "hanging out," as an example to all who have a penchant for such like *gentlemanly* amusements.

☞ The French papers announce the death, at the early age of thirty, of M. de Rocca, the last survivor of the children of Madame de Staël—so that the children of the Duc de Broglie are the sole descendants of that celebrated woman, and of her father, M. Necker.

☞ The Journal of Commerce says, that among all the neglects of Congress from time to time, it never neglected to provide for the pay and mileage of its own members.

Notices of the Dead.

DEATH OF JUDGE HICKEY.—The Lexington, Ky., Intelligencer of the 30th ultimo says:—"It is with feelings of sorrow and regret that we are called upon to announce the death of our highly esteemed fellow citizen, Hon. Thomas M. Hickey, who departed this life yesterday morning, after an illness of some months. He for many years filled the office of Judge of this circuit with distinguished ability, and since his resignation of that office, has continued the practice of his profession at the Fayette bar. His death has caused a chasm which cannot be readily filled."

SUDDEN DEATH.—The Hon. Francis S. Key, a very distinguished member of the Washington Bar, and a gentleman highly esteemed and respected, died suddenly at the residence of his son-in-law, Charles Howard, Esq. on Wednesday evening of last week. Mr. Key was on a professional visit to this city. The Supreme Court of the United States, immediately on the receipt of the intelligence, adjourned. His patriotism will survive forever in his song—now become national—"*The Star Spangled Banner.*"

AGED PERSONS.—The united ages of twenty-five persons who died at Newport, (R. I.) during the past year, amount to 2041 years. Five were between 90 and 100 years; nine between 80 and 90. This includes one fourth of the deaths in the place during the year. The returns of the previous year were of a similar character.

Congress News.

In the Senate, during the latter days of last week, the Oregon Bill occupied a great deal of attention, without, however, the calling of a vote upon it. On Wednesday, it was briefly considered, and postponed, at the request of Mr. Sevier, who said he wished to speak upon it. On Thursday, accordingly he addressed the Senate in reference to the Bill, and in opposition to a proposed amendment which would strike out the bounty of land to settlers.

Mr. Sevier expressed his gratification that every member who had spoken upon the bill, had maintained our right to the territory. He referred to the justice of our claims as defended by Albert Gallatin, who rested it upon the following points: 1st. The discovery and exploration by Lewis and Clarke; 2d, The recognition of the Spanish claim; 3d, the acquisition of the Spanish title (by purchase); and 4th, the claims of the United States upon the ground of contiguity.

Mr. Sevier reviewed the facts of the occupancy of the tract in question by the British, and maintained that while the United States had adhered to the treaty of 1818, the British had far exceeded that treaty. He said that the bill before the Senate did not go so far as a law which had passed the British Parliament, under which the British Government had exercised jurisdiction. He said that if the lands were struck out of the Bill, the military posts would be useless—for no one would go to Oregon without some advantage.

Mr. Sevier hoped the United States would carry out her laws and protect her citizens. We had submitted to one aggression from Great Britain in supporting the treaty. The public mind was a little sore upon this subject already, and it was natural that it should be. He was sorry to hear Senators appeal to our fears by alluding to the power of Great Britain. He hoped there was one nation willing to resist the aggressions of that power. He did hope the motto adopted by Monroe in 1823 would be adhered to—"that the American continent was not to be considered the subject of foreign settlement." He would vote for a Railroad from Fort Leavenworth to the head waters of the Platte,—at least he would do this, if we had the money.

Mr. Benton followed Mr. Sevier, endorsing all that he had said, and speaking with more earnestness. He said that England, as soon as she had found that an American had discovered the Columbia River, said she must discover it also. McKenzie was sent out and he missed it about five hundred miles. Upon going home, however, he told the British Government that it was absolutely necessary for them to have the mouth of the river in order to protect the fur trade. The interest and the audacity of Great Britain were her only titles to the territory. The policy of the British in all its negotiations had been merely to lay an egg for future claims. That egg had been laid and had since hatched, and we had seen the bird flap its wings against our eagle. Pursuing the figure further, Mr. Benton said, if information was laid before us connected with the recent treaty, which had been kept from us under the plea that it was not compatible with the public interest, the eagle would be seen with its head buried beneath its wings. This next egg Mr. Benton insisted would hatch again.

In the course of his speech, Mr. Benton spoke of the President's retaining information upon the subject, as the publication would be incompatible with the public interest. Mr. Benton expressed the belief that it was not compatible with the public interest to retain this information. It might be incompatible with the reputation of the individual negotiator to communicate these facts which had been called for. The answer might be disreputable to him, but the interests of the country would not suffer by such an answer. Mr. Benton believed that the Secretary negotiator had communicated a proposition to Lord Ashburton which he dare not make known to the American people. Mr. Benton spoke until the hour of adjournment. The bill was called up on the succeeding day, but after some conversation laid over.

The other business of the Senate was of less interest. A memorial was presented against the Bankrupt Law, from New York, by Mr. Benton. A motion to print extra copies of Mr. Walker's report from the Judiciary, in favor of the remission of Gen. Jackson's fine, was lost. Several private bills which had passed the House, were taken up and passed.

In the House, Mr. Wise, Mr. Cushing and others, made two or three attempts, which did not succeed, to get the Exchequer plan taken up by the Committee of the Whole. The bill to repeal the Bankrupt Bill was debated on Thursday, Mr. McKeon having the floor, and speaking more in opposition to the Tariff, the Loan and the Land Bills, than to the question under debate. In Committee of the Whole, the ostensible subject under consideration is used merely as a stalking-horse to introduce discussions upon matters and things in general.

The resolution instructing the Committee on the Judiciary to bring in a bill to repeal General Jackson's fine sufficed for some hours debate, without any decisive action. A resolution was passed calling on the Secretary of the Navy for a copy of Lieut. Wilke's Survey of the Oregon Territory. A resolution, after some debate, was negatived, which had it passed would save some time in Congress. It directed that when a *private* claim has been reported against by Committee, and the House concurs, the claim shall not be revived again in Congress, except upon a memorial of the claimants setting forth new evidence, or assigning errors in the negative report. It was lost, 96 to 103.

Many private bills, resolutions, &c., were disposed of on Friday and Saturday, and just at the hour of adjournment on the latter day, the door was opened for a new debate. A bill was under consideration making appropriation for payment for a slave taken from his owner and applied to the use of the army in the Florida war. Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, objected. Mr. Black, of Georgia, spoke in favor of the bill. Mr. Levy, of Florida, moved the previous question. Mr. Adams said that he hoped the previous question would not now be seconded, but that the House would adjourn, as he wished to say a word on the subject. And the House adjourned.

In Senate, on Monday, some private bills were passed, and a great many memorials were received and referred. Among them were several memorials from Philadelphia and New York, in favor of the Exchequer scheme, and one memorial in favor of Mr. Johnson's two hundred million State stock plan. A bill was reported making extra compensation to those persons employed in the Exploring Expedition, who were detained beyond their term of enlistment.

In the House, Mr. Clifford, of Maine, introduced a resolution to instruct the Committee on the Judiciary to report forthwith a bill to repeal the Bankrupt Act. Mr. Winthrop raised a point of order, that a bill for that purpose was already under the consideration of the House, but the Speaker, upon examining the resolution, said the proposition was different from that under consideration, and was not out of order. Mr. Briggs moved to lay the resolution on the table, which was rejected: Ayes 81; Nays 106.

Mr. Clifford sprung the previous question, and his resolution was adopted—yeas 127, nays 86. Mr. Barnard, of the Judiciary Committee, said that the resolution conflicted with a standing rule of the House, by which no Committee was allowed to sit during the regular business sessions. The Speaker decided that it would require a vote of two thirds to set aside that standing rule. Mr. Wise moved that the Committee have leave to retire. The Speaker repeated his decision, and Mr. Wise appealed. On motion, the whole subject was laid on the table, ayes 104, nays 96.

But the matter came up again. Resolutions being in order, the State of Maine was called, and instantly a member from that State presented a resolution to authorize the Committee on the Judiciary to retire and report; and the previous question demanded and sustained, and the resolution adopted. The Chairman of the Committee retired, followed by two or three members. So no quorum of the Committee went out—committees have no power to compel attendance of their members, and the House, though it may give a Committee leave to sit during the hours of the regular session, cannot compel them to take advantage of it. So nothing was done with the "forthwith" report on Monday. A resolution was afterwards adopted, further to instruct the Judiciary Committee to report an amendment to the bill for repealing the Bankrupt Act, which should save from its operation those cases which are pending.

Mr. Fessenden offered a resolution calling on the Secretary of the Treasury for information whether there were any charges made against Jonathan Roberts, late Collector of the Port of Philadelphia, and for copies of all the orders and correspondence relating to the subject. Immediate consideration of the resolution was desired, but refused.

In the House, on Tuesday, the Bankrupt Repeal bill was reported from the Judiciary Committee, amended so as not to interfere with cases pending at the time of its passage, and hurried through all the forms of legislation. So, as far as the house is concerned, the bill is passed; but a motion for a reconsideration of the vote was pending when the House adjourned.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

Amid the mass of details relative to the organization of the two houses, the mode of procuring the State Printing, &c., we endeavor to extract the items of the most public interest.

A bill has been passed in relation to the Salaries of Judges, which repeals the Act by which those Salaries were increased. The differences in relation to this Bill were settled by a Joint Committee of conference.

The Senate has passed a bill regulating the public printing, the feature of which is, that it gives the work to the lowest bidder. The House have amended and altered the bill and returned it to the Senate.

Among the petitions presented in the Senate, we notice the following:—for a change in the law relating to the election of Council Men in the City of Philadelphia; for the abolishment of the Nicholson Court; for a renewal of the charter of the Banks of Southwark; for the abolition of capital punishment; for certain changes in the banking system; against the re-charter of any bank; for the abolition of the Court of General Sessions; and for other purposes of a private nature. In the House, similar petitions were presented.

Among the bills introduced into the Senate, we notice:—to incorporate the Erie Canal Company; relating to the collection of water taxes &c. in the District of Southwark; to incorporate the Washington Mutual Insurance Company; authorising the laying out of a certain State road in Chester county; to reduce the capital stock of the Mechanics' Bank of Philadelphia; to reduce the expenses of the board of Canal Commissioners.

Among the bills introduced into the House, we notice:—to supply Spring Garden District with water; relating to the Asbury Beneficial Society; to tax salaries; to secure wages in case of the insolvency of employers. Bills have been reported from Committees in the House:—to erect a new county out of parts of Lancaster, Dauphin and Lebanon; to erect a new county out of parts of Butler, Beaver, and Mercer; providing certain regulations for the stamping and branding Pennsylvania Iron; to incorporate the Delaware Insurance Company; to incorporate the York and Cumberland Railroad Company; to change the time for electing city officers in Philadelphia, from Fall to Spring.

The Senate have elected J. P. Hays, of Venango, doorkeeper, and directed the Clerk of the Senate to appoint the transcribing clerks of the last session.

In the House a resolution has been adopted instructing the committee on the Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of providing by law, that all deeds and mortgages shall take effect against subsequent bona fide mortgages and purchases, only from the date of their being recorded.

In the Senate a resolution has been offered, but not yet passed, instructing the Committee on the Judiciary System, to inquire into the expediency of repealing so much of the Act of July 12, 1842, abolishing Imprisonment for Debt, &c., as affects remedies on contracts entered into prior to the passage of said act. Mr. Sullivan moved to amend by substituting a resolution, instructing said committee to revise said act, and the act of the same session "relating to executors, and report by bill or otherwise.

The Senate has passed a resolution providing for the appointment of a committee of five to apportion the State into Senatorial and Representative Districts.

Several official communications and reports have been received, and among them one from Gov. Porter, in which he announces the well known failure of the attempt to sell certain State stocks. In this message his Excellency objects to certain features of the bill. He objects in particular to the reception of State stock redeemable at a great length of time hence, which, if sales were effected, would be equivalent to redeeming stock issuable at a remote period, while present demands are uncancelled. He suggests the passage of a new law, authorizing the sale of the above mentioned property on the days to which it was adjourned, and accepting relief notes, but not State stocks in payment.

The following appointments were confirmed by the Senate on Saturday: Ellis Lewis, President Judge of Lancaster District; Charles B. Donnell, of the Eighth Judicial District; and Nathaniel White, of McKean county, and Emanuel Schaeffer, of Lancaster county, to be Associate Justices.

On Monday the two houses met in convention for the choice of a State Treasurer. There was a motion made, upon which a debate followed, to postpone the election until Thursday, but it was lost by a large majority, and the convention proceeded to the election. Job Mann had 90 votes, Jacob Gratz 11, Samuel D. Lieb, 9, John Gilmore 9, Oliver Allison 8, Anthony E. Roberts 5, William B. Anderson 2, Jacob Foreman 2, and T. C. Rockhill 1. The President announced that Job Mann was elected, and the convention adjourned.

In the Senate, petitions were presented for the abolition of the Nicholson Court; for the extension of the charter of the Farmers' Bank of Bucks County; for the reduction of the capital stocks of the Bank of North America and the Mechanics' Bank of Philadelphia; for the abolition of capital punishment; and for a law to prevent boating on the canals on Sunday.

The bill in relation to the public printing, was reported with various amendments, and ordered printed. The resolutions relative to General Jackson's fine were reported from Committee in the same form as they had passed the House. A bill was introduced authorizing the Bank of North America to reduce its capital.

In the House, petitions were presented similar to those given above, and one for the impeachment of the Governor, and one remonstrating against the recharter of any old banks, or chartering of new ones.

A bill passed second reading, after a very lengthy debate, and the introduction of numerous propositions, directing the State Treasurer to cancel the Relief Notes, directed to be cancelled by the Act of June 29, 1842, without any reference to the Act of July 29, or any other Act.

Mr. Deford introduced a series of resolutions on the subject of a tariff, which were laid on the table.

Mr. Overfield introduced a series of resolutions in favor of repealing the Bankrupt Law.

Several private bills were reported from Standing Committees.

The Senate were unable, on Tuesday, to get through the Printing Reform Bill.

The principal business of the House, was to pass the bill repealing the law to establish the Nicholson Court.

DEAFNESS CURED.—Scarpa's Acoustic Oil, for the cure of Deafness, Pains, and the discharge of matter from the Ears; also, all those disagreeable noises, like the buzzing of insects, falling of water, whizzing of steam, &c., which are symptoms of approaching Deafness, and also generally attendant with the disease.

☞ *Read the following most Extraordinary Cure.*—If any have had doubts, they may now dismiss them, and the most incredulous may consider Deafness as curable. Numerous cases of cures, and many of them very remarkable, by the use of "SCARPA'S OIL," have been published, but this caps the climax. Young or old, you may yet recover your hearing.

A lady in Smithfield, Pennsylvania, and now about eighty years of age, had been gradually getting deaf for more than forty years, so that it was next to impossible to make her hear conversation in the loudest tones of voice. Last winter she was induced to try "Scarpa's Oil for Deafness." It is only necessary to add, that she has used two bottles, and that her hearing is perfectly restored—she is cured. Any information in relation to the case, may be obtained at the store of DR. JAYNE,
20 South THIRD Street, Philadelphia,—At which place also the medicine is for sale.

☞ To relieve suffering has been the object of the philanthropist in every age of the world. Previous to the time that medicine was reduced to a science, the sick were placed in public situations, and it was made the duty of every passer by to name what he considered was most applicable to the case.

The same practice is to a certain extent continued now. Our readers will be much interested in perusing an advertisement of the Messrs. Sands in another part of the paper, addressed "To the American Public." Statements endorsed by such persons as the Very Rev. John Power, the late Rt. Rev. Bishop Dubois, Sr. Elizabeth, (Superior of the Orphan Asylum) Ald. Purdy, and others, are entitled to the fullest confidence of the whole community.

We can confidently state that Sands' Sarsaparilla is of more value to the public than a mine of gold. The power by in the present day has but to recommend to his afflicted brother the use of this invaluable medicine. In a very large majority of cases it is all that is required, and for Scrofula, Rheumatism and kindred diseases it acts like a charm.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

For certificates of cures, see advertisements in this and other papers.

Prepared and sold at wholesale and retail, and for exportation, by A. B. Sands & Co., No. 273 Broadway, N. Y. Sold in Philadelphia by S. P. Thompson, corner 5th and Spruce sts; by Dr. D. Jayne, 20 South 3d st., and by F. Klett & Co., corner 2d and Callowhill sts. Price, $1 per bottle; 6 bottles for $5.

The Markets.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

	Price sold for.
125 shares Phil. Wil. & Balt. R. R.	6a6¼
25 do. Mechanics Bank,	11½
30 do. North America Coal Co.	1
16 do. Far. & Mechanics Bank,	19½a19¾
5 do. Philadelphia Bank,	40
5 do. Commercial Bank, Cin.	20
4 do. Commercial Bank,	31
4 do. Mine-Hill R. R.	38¼
$8000 U. States Bank Notes,	49
$7200 City 5's, 1867,	78
$8000 City 5's, 1857,	90
$593 63 State 6's, 1842,	85
$1500 State 6's, 1866,	43½
$4900 State 5's, 1864,	41a42½
$2000 State 5's, 1864,	41
$3000 City 5's, 1868,	98
$140 Lehigh 6's, 1849,	17
$500 County 5's, 1860, new,	70
$646 10 Lehigh Mortgage Loan,	41½

New Counterfeits.

Exchange Bank, Pittsburg, Pa.—5's, relief issue, letter A, (which is smaller than in the genuine, and has no period after it,) May 15, 1841. J. S. Murray, Clerk. The genuine have a flourish at the end of the word demand, which with the comma after it, is omitted in the counterfeit. Engraving poor. Paper thin and greasy.

State Bank, Newark, N. J.—3's, spurious. May be detected by the vignette, an Indian, and village in the back ground. On left end, a Locomotive. Engraved by Jones, N. Y.

Freeman's Bank, Bristol, R. I.—10's, altered from some worthless concern, signed Grimes, Prest. The genuine bills are signed L. C. Richmond, Cashier, Nathaniel Bullock, Prest. The title of the bank is very faint.

Farmers' and Planters' Bank, Baltimore.—20's, altered from 1's. Genuine ones have for a vignette, three females, ship, &c. The altered bills have of course the same.—*Bick. Reporter.*

Retail Prices in Market.

Beef, best, per lb.	8a10	Fowls, killed,	31a62½
" middling,	4a 6	" Live,	31a50
" corned,	4a 7	Pigeons, wild,	12a20
" Dried,	8a10	" Tame,	18a25
Pork in bag,	4a 4½	Pheasants, pair,	37a50
" Cut,	5a 8	Quails, pair,	20a25
" Pickled,	5a 7	Salmon, fresh, lb.	12a15
Hams, cured,	8a10	" Dry,	10a18¾
" Green,	6a 7	" Pickled,	10a12
" Shoulders,	4a 5	Cod, fresh,	5a 8
" Jowls,	3a 4	" Pickled	3a 4
Pigs, whole,	50a$1	Shad,	8a 10
" Feet, set,	10a15	Rock, string,	25a31
Tongue, Beef's,	25a50	" Per lb.	7a 8
" Buffalo,	50a80	Perch per string,	15a25
" Sheep, doz.	25a31	Flour, Wheat ¼ cwt.	70a75
Sausage, Jersey, lb.	8a10	" Rye,	56a62½
" Butchers,	6a 7	Meal, Indian, ½ pk.	8a 9
" Dried,	10a12	Buckwheat qr. cwt.	50a68
Lard, Jersey,	8a10	Potatoes, basket,	25a31
" Butchers,	6a 7	" Half peck,	5a 6
Butter, fresh,	15a18¾	" Sweet, per lb.	2a 3
" Roll,	12a18	Apples, basket,	75a$1
" Firkin,	11a12	" Half peck,	10a15
Cheese, R. I.	8a10	" Dried qr pk.	10a25
" Jersey,	6a 7	Dried Peaches,	30a40
" Cottage, qt.	5a 6	" Pears,	20a25
" Swiss, lb.	5a 6¼	" Cherries, qt.	6a 7
Mutton,	4a 5	" Plums,	11a12
Lamb,	5a 6	Beans, white,	6a 7
Venison,	8a10	" Lima,	10a12½
Veal,	4a 7	Hominy,	8a 9
Scrapple,	5a 6	Cranberries quart,	12a15
Blood Pudding,	6a 7	Chestnuts	10a12
Rabbit, gray, each,	6a12½	Shellbarks,	3a 4
" White,	12a20	Sand Peas,	7a 8
Opossum,	15a30	Walnuts qr. peck,	4a 5
Terrapins half doz.	62a$1	Parsnips, do	3a 4
Oysters per 100,	20a35	Turnips, do	3a 4
Turkeys, wild,	75a$1½	Beets, bunch,	3a 5
" Tame,	60a$1½	Carrots, do	3a 5
Geese, wild,	75a$1	Cellery, do	3a 6
" Tame,	40a75	Onions, rope,	6a 8
Ducks, wild, pair,	75a$1	Pickles, per 100,	25a30
" Tame,	44a58	Horseradish, root,	1a 2
Guinea Fowls, pair,	31a$1	Cabbage, head,	2a 4
Eggs, per doz.	18a20	Honey per lb.	10a15

There is not much doing in the markets this week, and prices almost wholly the same as last. There is but little poultry, and no variety of fresh fish. We have noticed large quantities of venison exposed to sale in the streets at prices considerably reduced. All descriptions of meat are plenty and of good quality. Apples are more plenty, better, and cheaper now than they were during the fall and beginning of winter.—*Public Ledger.*

Cattle Markets.

Philadelphia, Jan. 14.—Cattle—The offering comprised 672 Beeves, of which 100 were from Virginia; 217 Cows and Calves; 423 Swine, of which 333 were from Ohio, and 870 Sheep. Beef Cattle were in moderate request, and all but 37 head were taken at $4a5.25 per 100 lbs, as in quality. 200 head were taken for New York. Cows and Calves sold at $5a10 for dry Cows; $9a18 for springers, and $16a28 each for milch Cows. Swine—All but 70 were sold at $3.25a4.25 per 100 lbs. Sheep were disposed of at $1½ cts a$2.12½ each as in quality.

New York, Jan. 16.—At market 949 Beef Cattle (150 from Penn.) 40 Cows and Calves, and 800 Sheep and Lambs. Prices—Beef Cattle—We quote to correspond with last week, viz. ordinary to fair 3.50a4.50; good to prime 5a5.75, with occasional sales at $6—average $5. Market quite slack, and 125 unsold. Cows and Calves—All at market but 10 taken at $8a20; sales of Calves at 2.50a$3 each. Sheep and Lambs—All taken at 1.50 a$3 for common lots of Sheep; Wethers extra. 4a4.50. Lambs 1.25a$ to 2.25. Hay—Supplies rather scanty, but no change in prices—say 50 to 62½c.

Baltimore, Jan. 16.—Cattle—The supply of Beef cattle was larger than for several weeks past, and prices ruled lower. Of 800 head offered upwards of 300 were taken by packers and butchers at from $3.50a$6 net. The sales to packers were generally at $3.50a$4; 160 head were taken North.

Philadelphia Market.

Bark—No sales.

Coffee—Prices are fully supported with a fair demand—Sales of Laguayra at 8¼a8½ cts.

Flour and Meal—There has been a further decline in the prices of Flour—Sales to a moderate extent for shipment at $4 per bbl for good, and $3.87½ for common brands chiefly at the latter price—The receipts are falling off. Rye Flour—A sale at $2.75. Corn Meal is steady—Sales of Penna bbls at $2.25, and Brandywine at $2.60.

Grain—No arrivals for some days by water, and prices are nominal—Last sale of Rye was at 54 cents. Corn—A sale of Penna yellow at 46 cents. Oats—We quote at 22 cts for Southern.

Provisions—Market quiet, and prices steady.

Rice—By auction. 65 tcs partially damaged, sold at $3 to 3.62½ per 100 lbs, cash.

Sugar—Further sales of New Orleans at 5 to 5¼ cts per lb, 4 mos.

Whiskey—Market inactive, and prices are hardly sustained.—*North American.*

HEALTH OFFICE, JANUARY 14, 1843.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington, From the 7th to the 14th of January.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.
Abortion,	1	0	Brought over,	37	30
Anemia,	1	0	—Lungs,	2	2
Apoplexy,	1	0	—Stomach,	1	0
Asphyxia,	0	1	—Stomach and Bowels,	1	1
Croup,	0	2	—Bowels,	0	1
Congestion of Lungs,	1	0	—Pharynx,	0	1
—Brain,	0	1	—Parotid Gland,	0	1
Consumption of the Lungs,	16	2	—Peritoneum,	2	0
Convulsions,	0	7	—Pleura,	1	0
Dropsy,	1	0	Influenza,	1	0
—Head,	0	7	Inanition,	0	1
—Breast,	2	0	Jaundice,	1	0
Disease of Brain,	0	1	Malformation,	0	1
Dysentery,	1	0	Old Age,	3	0
Debility,	0	3	Purpura,	0	1
Erysipelas,	3	0	Palsy,	2	0
Fever, Puerperal,	2	0	Phlegmasia Dolens,	1	0
—Scarlet,	1	2	Stricture of Oesophagus,	1	0
—Typhus,	1	0	Small Pox,	0	1
Gout,	1	0	Still Born,	0	14
Hemorrhage,	0	1	Tabes Mesenterica,	0	1
—Lungs,	1	0	Teething,	0	1
—Uterus,	1	0	Unknown,	2	0
Inflammation of the Brain,	1	2	Whooping Cough,	0	2
—Bronchi,	0	1			
Carried over,	37	30	Total, 126—	54	72

Of the above there were 18 from the almshouse, and 18 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARES, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Jan. 8,	42	54	58
9,	40	45	49
10,	44	50	61
11,	45	50	51
12,	43	45	47

GEORGE S. APPLETON—No. 148 CHESNUT STREET, opposite the Arcade, has just published, The Young Islanders, a tale of the last century, by Jeffrey Taylor—beautifully illustrated—price 75 cents.

Dawnings of Genius; or, the Early Lives of Eminent Persons of the Last Century, by Anne Pratt, author of Flowers and their Associations, etc.—price 37½ cents.

The Life and Adventures of Captain John Smith, Founder of Virginia 37½ cents.

The Life and Adventures of Henry Hudson, by the author of Uncle Philip's Conversations—37½ cents.

Cowper's complete Poetical Works, 2 vols. 18mo—embellished with two steel plates—price $1.75.

Burns' Poetical Works, 1 vol. 18mo—with frontispiece—$1.00.

Handy Andy, by Samuel Lover, author of Rory O'More, etc.—with 20 illustrations, cloth gilt—$1.25.

Also an edition, with all the plates, half bound, price $1.00.

Likewise a cheap edition, complete—embellished with two plates—50 cents.

Part 1 of a Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures and Mines, by Andrew Ure, M. D., F. R. S.—to be completed in five one dollar monthly parts. jan 14

ALMANAC.

Jan. 1843.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
21 SATURDAY,	7 11	4 49	6 24	
22 SUNDAY,	7 10	4 50	7 16	D. H. M.
23 MONDAY,	7 9	4 51	8 8	
24 TUESDAY,	7 8	4 52	9 3	
25 WEDNESDAY,	7 7	4 53	9 50	First 8 3 3
26 THURSDAY,	7 6	4 54	10 34	Full16 2 16
27 FRIDAY,	7 5	4 55	11 49	L'st22 7 49
28 SATURDAY,	7 4	4 56	12 41	New30 7 46

Married.

In Marcus Hook, on the 14th inst., by the Rev. David Dailey, of said town, Mr. JOHN C. CORRY, of Jaffrey, N. H. to Miss SUSANNAH M. PARSONS, of Marcus Hook, Pa.

At Hamiltonville, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. J. McKnight, Mr. THOS. MCELWEE, to Miss SERENA TELL.

On the 15th inst by the Rev. E. J. Morris. JAS. MAYBERRY, to REBECCA SULLIVAN, both of Moyamensing.

On the 12th instant, at West Philadelphia, by Henry Leech, Esq. Mr. HIRAM BARNES, to Miss MARY J. EWING, all of Chester county, Pa.

On the 11th inst. by Alderman C. Berry, CORNELIUS S. MERRER, to JOANNA SPICER.

At Easton, Pa. on the 10th inst. by the Rev. J. Gray, MATTHEW H. JONES, to MARY INNES, all of that borough.

In Boston, ROBERT LAMBERT, of Philada. to CLARISSA RILEY, of Boston.

At West creek, Monmouth county, N. J. on the 1st inst. by the Rev. Joel Haywood, Mr. SAMUEL PHARO, to Miss HULDA LEWIS, all of the above named place.

On the evening of the 12th inst. at Pleasant Retreat, near Woodbury, N. J. by the Rev. H. R. Harrold, Mr. ISAAC M. KAY, of Haddonfield, to Miss SARAH W. daughter of John B. Jessup, Esq. all of the county of Gloucester, N. J.

On the 11th inst. by Elder Godfrey F. Hawks, PHILIP VOORIS, to ELLEN MALONEY.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. A. D. Gillette, THOMAS D. ARMSTRONG, of Sussex county, N. J. to MARGARET A. DOANE, of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. William Suddards, Mr. JOHN SAUNDERS, to Miss SARAH, daughter of the late Henry Christman.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. WINDAL WHITEMAN, to Miss LYDIA L. HORTON, all of this city.

Died,

On the 17th instant, of consumption, Mrs. TIRZAH CLOUD, wife of David Cloud, in her 71st year.

On the 17th inst. after a short but severe illness, of inflammation of the lungs, JOHN M. WILEY, in the 32d year of his age.

On the 16th inst. Mrs. ESTHER KENWORTHY, in the 53d year of her age.

On the 18th inst. of consumption, Mrs. ELIZABETH, consort of Matthew Hummel, in her 25th year.

On the 17th instant, EDWARD, son of Edward H. and Adaline Tryon, aged 4 years.

On the 14th inst. in N. Y. JAMES W. JOHNSON, aged 30 years, formerly of this city.

On the 16th inst. JACOB LIVELY, aged 58 years.

On the 10th inst. ALICE HEPPEL, aged 80 years.

On the 13th inst. AGNES DONOVAN, aged 2 years, by falling into a pan of boiling water.

On the 13th inst. MARY A. THIESEN.

On the 13th inst. ELIZABETH MARROW, aged 43 years.

In Reading, on the 13th inst. MARY BECHTEL, consort of Jacob Bechtel, aged 27 years.

In Pottsville, on the 12th instant, VENUS COOPER, a black woman, aged 103 years.

At Richmond, Va. on the 10th inst. of scarlet fever, SUSAN BEVERLY, daughter of Moncure and Charlotte Robinson, aged 3 years.

On board the U. States frigate Constellation, lying in Hong Kong Bay, China, in Sept. last, Lieut. LEVIN HANDY, U. S. Navy, in the 29th year of his age.

On the 17th inst. in N. Y. DAVID GIBSON, for many years a resident of this city, and a member of the firm of Stuart & Brothers.

On the 16th inst. Miss LOUISA A. DINGLER, in the 14th year of her age.

On the 8th inst. Mrs. JULIANNA MOLL, aged 33 years, wife of Henry Moll, formerly of Pottsville.

On the 14th inst. PATRICK BARRY, aged 78 years.

On the 14th inst. after a short but severe illness, PETER HINCKLE, in the 44th year of his age.

On the 14th inst. Mrs. SARAH ALBERTSON, in the 68th year of her age.

On the 14th inst. JOHN CURRY, in the 63th year of his age.

On the 13th inst. of scarlet fever, MARY SOMERVILLE, daughter of John Harding, Jr. in the 4th year of her age.

In Bridgeton, N. J. on the 11th instant, of pulmonary consumption, Mrs. RACHEL DANZENBAKER, wife of Henry Danzenbaker, in the 42d year of her age.

On the 16th inst. CHARLES W. SCHRAINER, aged 36 years.

On the 14th inst. HENRY W. BUSH, aged 29 years.

On the 15th inst. CHARLES DADAKER, aged 31 years.

On the 15th inst. EDWIN LEWIS, son of Robert and Jane Ferguson, aged 3 years.

On the 14th inst. MARGARET WOOD, aged 29 years.

On the 15th inst. JACOB BESSERER, aged 68 years.

On the 15th inst. ELIZABETH RUSSELL, aged 55 years.

On the 15th inst. JOHN R. BECK, aged 26 years.

On the 11th inst. Miss MARGARET LAFFERTY, aged 59 years.

On the 11th inst. ANN C. RICHARDSON, wife of Thos. P. Richardson, and daughter of Admiral H. W. de Quartel, of Holland, aged 27 years.

On the 12th inst. of scarlet fever, GEO. CORYELL, son of J. C. and Deborah Purdue, in the 5th year of her age.

In New Brunswick, N. J. on the 7th inst. MARY, relict of the late Peter Packer, aged 78 years.

In Washington city, on the 3d inst. MARY BRISCOE, aged 64. And on the 6th inst. her husband, RICHARD S. BRISCOE, aged 71 years.

On the 11th instant, MARGARETTA E. wife of Samuel Parker.

On the 11th inst. CHARLES KITE, aged 5 months.

On the 11th inst. Miss ELIZABETH BRAY, in the 80th year of her age.

On the 13th inst. LEVI E. WARNER, aged 34 years.

On the 13th inst. HANNAH HOLLINSHEAD, in the 75th year of her age, relict of Edmund Hollinshead.

On the 12th inst. SARAH, wife of Dr. John R. Cone, in the 54th year of her age.

On the 12th inst. Mrs. NANCY HEWSON, aged 67 years.

OBITUARY.

"Another flower has fallen from its stem."

Sudden and melancholy death. Died suddenly at Burlington, Vt., on the 12th inst. of enlargement of the heart, ELIZABETH ANNE MCVICCAR, widow of Peter McViccar, late Professor at Hamden, Sidney College, Va. She has left a large circle of friends and acquaintances to mourn her untimely end. She was the daughter of one of the most respectable men in Lancaster county, Pa., and was the petted idol of all who had the happiness of her acquaintance. It was only to know her to love her. When but a child she married against the will of all her family, and left her own native clime for a more Southern one, and remained away for twelve or thirteen years. Lately she again appeared among us to gladden the hearts of those who loved her from childhood. But alas how short her stay; yet why should we sigh for one that is blessed, who is freed from the cares, the pains, and the sorrows of this world, to whom the pomp and grandeur were but vanities, to whom its fame and glory were but empty sounds. She is gone, yet her works will tell in after years of her heart and her goodness. She is dead, and her pure unsullied spirit now rests in the bosom of her God. C. C. N.

Editors are requested to copy.

PUBLIC SALE.—PURSUANT TO AN ORDER of the Orphans' Court of Montgomery county, will be sold at public sale, on Second-day, the 6th of the second month, (February,) next, at 1 o'clock, P. M., on the premises, a plantation and tract of 68 acres and 17 perches of land, (late the estate of John Leedom, dec'd,) situate in the township of Lower Merion, Montgomery county, at the 6th mile stone on the Lancaster Turnpike, adjoining lands of David Roberts, and lands late the estate of Jane Price, deceased.

The improvements consist of a large two story stone house, 35 by 45 feet, with a cellar under the whole, divided into five apartments by stone walls, there are 5 rooms, pantry, and large hall on the first floor, 7 rooms on the second, with four ceiled garrets, and kitchen adjoining, 16 by 20 feet, two stories high, (the house is well calculated for a boarding house or boarding school,) 2 wells of water with pumps in good order, milk house by the kitchen pump with smoke house over the same, a good stone barn, with sheds, corn cribs, hen house, and other out buildings, ice house, 16 feet in diameter and 22 feet deep, filled with ice. The above property is situated in a good neighborhood, convenient to mills, and in sight of a public school and places of public worship. There is on the premises two acres of woodland. The land is of excellent natural quality—is in a high state of cultivation, and is divided into convenient fields.

Persons wishing to view the property will call on Kenzey Hill, residing on the premises, or on Samuel Leedom, one of the administrators.

Conditions will be made known at sale, by
CHARLES LEEDOM,
JOSEPH B. LEEDOM,
SAMUEL LEEDOM,
Administrators.

Also, at the same time and place, will be sold, (along with the above mentioned messuage and 68 acres and 17 perches) all that certain tract of land, adjoining the said premises, fronting on the Lancaster Turnpike, and bounded by lands late of Jane Price, and others, containing 80 acres and 34 perches, more or less, with the appurtenances. There are 3 acres of good woodland. The arable land is in a high state of cultivation, and under good fence. There is also a never failing spring of water on the premises.

CHARLES LEEDOM,
JOSEPH B. LEEDOM,
SAMUEL LEEDOM.
jan 21-3t*

CLOTHING AT VERY REDUCED PRICES FOR CASH.—Circular Cloth Cloaks plain and figured Beaver Over-Coats, Sack Coats and Roquelaures, something entirely new, combining the convenience of Cloak and Coat. Pantaloons and Vests of every description, Superfine and Medium Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Double-Breasted, Lambs Wool, Merino, Silk, and Buckskin Shirts and Drawers, Linen and Cotton Dress Shirts, Russian Belts, Suspensory do. Money do. Shoulder Braces. Army and Navy Clothing with diagrams and plates of the late regulations.

GEO. W. FARR, Merchant Tailor,
Corner of Third and Chesnut street.

N. B. Tailors Shears, Crayons, Tape Measures, Crotel do. Spirt Pouches, etc. jan 14

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO ALL MY creditors, that I have applied to the Court of Common Pleas, for the county of Indiana for the benefit of the insolvent laws of this Commonwealth, and the said court have appointed Wednesday, the first day of February next, to hear me and my creditors at the court house in the borough of Indiana, when and where you may attend if you think proper.

WILLIAM GRAY,
Late of the firm of Wm. Wilson & Co.
Dec. 28. 1842. jan 7-3t*

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

LETTERS of administration upon the estate of Patrick Redmond, deceased, having been granted to the subscriber by the County Court of Tuscarora County; notice is hereby given to all persons entitled to the distribution, as heirs of said deceased, to make the same known to me, as preparatory to a final settlement of said estate. (dec 31-4t
Tuscarora, Dec. 7, 1842. WM. G. PARISH, Adm'r.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of JAMES CARSON, late of Lower Dublin Township, Philadelphia county, gardener, deceased, are requested to make payment, and those having demands against the same to present them for settlement to
JOHN RISDON, Farmer,
dec 31-3t* Lower Dublin.

STOCKTON'S ESTABLISHMENT FOR THE SALE OF INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH, DENTAL INSTRUMENTS, GOLD FOIL, etc. etc. etc.

Second floor of the Ledger Buildings, South-West corner of Third and Chesnut street, Philada. and at 263 Broadway, New York, opposite the Park.

S. W. STOCKTON respectfully notifies the Dental Profession and Druggists, that he has now on hand a new and general assortment of very superior PLATE, PIVOT, MOLAR, BICUSPIDS and GUM INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH, wholesale and retail, equal to any he has hitherto manufactured, together with almost every description of DENTAL INSTRUMENTS now in use, comprising PEARL, GOLD MOUNTED MIRRORS, SCISSORS KEYS, MOUTH GLASSES, DRILL BOWS, etc. etc. PEARL, AGATE, and IVORY, GOLD and SILVER MOUNTED INSTRUMENTS, for all necessary purposes, of all qualities. GOLD and SILVER PLATE and WIRE. BILLS OF ARKANSAS and JONES GOLD and TIN FOIL. LATHES, BUCKY WHEELS (a first rate article for grinding teeth.) DENTAL FILES of various descriptions. Compressed HICKORY PIVOTS. TOOTH POWDER, BRUSHES, etc. The above articles may be had at the most reasonable prices.

P. S. Particular attention will be given to select teeth according to order. dec 31-3m

P. S. DENTAL CASES carefully put up to order.

All cash orders will meet with prompt attention.

N. B. *Dentists are cautioned against unprincipled persons, who sell as my manufacture, teeth of their own production.*

LEATHER STORE, No. 97 CHESNUT St. The subscribers have constantly on hand a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHER, suitable for Boot and Shoe Makers, Coach and Harness Makers, Saddlers, Book Binders, Hatters, &c.

ALSO—Sole Leather, red and oak tanned.
nov 19-1y CHAMBERS & HENSEY.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST, BY E. W. CLARK & CO. BROKERS, *No. 35 South Third Street, Philadelphia, January, 21st, 1843.*

MAINE.	
Calias bank,	10
Agricultural bank,	-
City bk. Portland,	-
Damariscotta,	-
Mercantile bank,	-
Stillwater canal bk.	-
Bangor Com. bank,	-
Westbrook bank,	-
Citizens bank,	-
Globe bank,	-
Washington co.	-
Frankfort bank,	-
All solvent banks	¾a1
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	¾a1
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans,	5
Bk. of Bennington,	90 dis
All solvent banks	¾a1
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	¾a1
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks,	¾a1
NEW YORK.	
New York City,	½ dis
Tenth Ward bank,	fraud
North River Bank'g Co.	do
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	do
Globe Bank,	do
Wool Growers bank,	failed
Millers bk of Clyde	25
Far bk. Seneca co.	50
Com bk. New York	2½
Lafayette bank,	-
N. Y. Bkg. Co.	-
Dry Dock bank,	1
N. Am. Trust Co.	-
Bk. Buffalo,	10
Lewis Co	50
Com bk. Buffalo,	50
All solvent banks,	½a1
Country banks,	1 dis
Except bk of Columbia, Green Co. Hudson, Middle District, Plattsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren, Wash. Man. Co.	[illegible]
Wayne County bank,	[illegible]
Mer. & Planters,	[illegible]
Delaware Co. bank,	fraud
Ex. bk Po'keepsie,	do
Poraden Manufac. Co.	do
Red Hook,	1 dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Mechanics' and Manufacturers bk at Trenton,	par
Princeton bank,	par
State bank at Camden,	par
Cumberland bank,	par
Mount Holly,	par
Salem Banking Co.	par
N. Hope D. Bridge,	uncert'n
Tren. Banking Co.old	par
New plate,	par
All other banks,	par
Farmers and Mechanics bk of N. Brunswick,	no sale
Hobo. bking & G Co.	broke
Washington b'king Co.	do
Franklin bank,	do
Jersey City bank,	do
Monmouth,	do
N. J. Manufac. Co.	do
Protec. and Lombard,	do
Salem & Phil. Man. Co.	do
State bank at Trenton,	do
Bank of N. Brunswick,	do
Mec. bk Patterson,	do
PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks,	par
Man. and Mec. bk.	5 dis
Moyamensing bank	4 dis
Penn Township bank	par
U. S. Bank notes,	53 dis
Girard do.	49 dis
Penna. do.	10 dis
Germantown,	par
Del. co. at Chester,	par
Chest'r co.at W.Chest'r	par
Montgomery county,	par
Farmers bk Bucks co.	par
Farmers bk Reading,	1½ dis
Easton,	par
Northampton,	25 dis
Lancaster bank,	1 dis
Far. bk Lancaster,	1 dis
Lebanon,	7 dis
Harrisburg,	8 dis
Middletown,	7 dis
Carlisle,	7½ dis
Columbia Bridge,	1 dis
Northumberland,	7½ dis
Miners bk at Potts.	6 dis
Wy'g bk Wilk'sbarre,	1 dis
Pitts. demand notes,	1½ dis
" Certificates,	1½ dis
" Post notes,	2½ dis
Towanda,	-
York,	7½ dis
Gettysburg,	7½ dis
Chambersburg,	7½ dis
Waynesburg p. notes,	10 dis
" demand notes,	10 dis
Brownsville p. notes,	4 dis
" demand notes,	4 dis
Erie,	4 dis
Berks county bank,	60 dis
Honesdale,	1½ dis
Bk Susquehanna co.	10 dis
Lewistown,	14 dis
Lum. bk Warren,	no sale
West Branch bank,	30 dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks,	½ dis
Patapsco banks,	1 dis
Mineral bank,	3 dis
Fredericktown,	2 dis
Hagerstown,	2 dis
Westminster,	2 dis
Williamsport,	3 dis
Cumberland,	7 dis
Salisbury,	7 dis
Franklin bank,	50 dis
Susquehanna,	broke
Millington,	broke
Frederick County bk.	2 dis
Broken bks. various	prices
Balt. Ohio R.R.notes,	40 dis
DELAWARE.	
Bank of Delaware,	par
Wilmington and Bran.	par
Farmer's bk Delaware,	par
Union bank,	par
Bank of Smyrna,	par
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
Washington City,	1 dis
Georgetown,	1 dis
Far. & Mechanics,	1 dis
Alexandria,	1 dis
Bank of Alexandria,	broke
Mechanics bank,	broke
Franklin bank,	no sale
Merchant's bank,	do
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va & branches,	1½ dis
Farmer's bk & brchs,	1½ dis
Valley bk & branch.	1½ dis
Ex. bk & branches,	1½ dis
Wheeling,	4 dis
Wheeling post notes,	4 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	2
Small notes,	2
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	2
Small notes	4
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's	3
Ocmulgee,	-
Monroe R. R.	-
Columbus,	-
Phenix bk.	-
Exchange bk.	-
Chat. R. R. bank,	-
Central bk. of Mill.	-
Georgia R. R. Co.	-
Ruckersv. Bkg. Co.	-
All solvent banks	3a4
ALABAMA.	
All solvent banks	15 dis
Small notes,	15 dis
OHIO.	
Cincinnati	4 dis
Bank notes,	4 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois.	65 dis
State bank,	65 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes,	3½ dis
Small Notes,	3 dis
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks.	5
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	3 dis
INDIANA.	
All solvent banks	4 dis
FLORIDA.	
P'm Life & Tr. Co.	-
CANADA.	
Montreal	5
Exchange on New York,	½ dis a ¾ prm.
" Boston,	½ dis
" Baltimore,	par
Specie,	par
Country Relief Notes.	10 to 11 dis
City Relief Notes.	11 to 12 dis

DR. H. H. HIGBEE'S REMEDY FOR PULMONARY DISEASES.

The lamented death of the late H. H. Higbee, M. D., has imposed upon those who represent the interest of his family, the duty of presenting to the public this valuable preparation as a remedy. It is well known that Dr. Higbee tested this formula while suffering under a severe attack of disease, which in his own opinion, and that of his medical friends, was confirmed CONSUMPTION. His prescription was completely efficacious in his own case, for although both before and after the attack just mentioned his constitution was delicate, he had no return of the pulmonary disease. In his practice, he found his remedy most salutary and efficient, always affording more or less relief, and in many cases which he would otherwise have despaired beyond the reach of medicine, accomplishing a permanent cure. Yet he never intended to offer his preparation to the world as a nostrum, or as a means of speculation, never as a specific, never as a panacea, but simply as the best preparation he knew of for a disease hitherto regarded as incurable.

As he in his lifetime conscientiously tendered it to the afflicted, so it is now presented. In some cases, of course, nothing more than temporary relief can be expected, while in very many, the faithful use of it according to the instructions of Dr. Higbee will effect a cure.

The following extracts from letters of two gentlemen of high professional standing, may serve to show the light in which the preparation of Dr. Higbee is viewed by medical and intelligent members of the faculty.

[Extract of a Letter, etc.]
TRENTON, N. J. January 20, 1842.

"Dr. Coleman to Dr. Burrough:—

"DEAR SIR,—An intimate acquaintance with Dr. H. H. Higbee while he was practising medicine in the same neighborhood with myself, has given me a good opportunity of speaking of his merits as a physician, and of the estimation in which he was held as a citizen. It was my opinion at that time that he was a better reasoner in medicine, and had more regard for the principles of the science, than [illegible] of our profession. His practice was extensive, and he still never questioned by the intelligent. His gentlemanly and amiable deportment gained him many friends, and his removal from the neighborhood was much regretted. I was called to Dr. Higbee when he was suffering from a severe attack of Hemoptysis. His lungs were carefully examined, and judging from the most conclusive appearances, and the conditions at the time of my visits, I thought he could not recover. He, however, gradually gained health, and resumed his practice. His recovery was at that time mainly attributed to the medicine he has since offered for sale. He showed me the prescription, etc. etc. I afterwards used the same prescription in cases where it was indicated, and in every instance, being satisfied with the effects—resorting to it as a physician would to a well proven remedy, expecting good from it in certain stages of disease, but certainly not looking for it to restore disorganized structure &c. &c. &c.

"Very respectfully, JAMES B. COLEMAN.
"To M. BURROUGH, M. D."

[Extract from Dr. Burrough's Letter in reply to the above.]
CAMDEN, N. J. February 7, 1842.

"DEAR SIR,—Referring to that portion of your letter of the 20th ult. in which you speak of Dr. H. H. Higbee and of the character of his medicine—recommended in the treatment of pulmonary diseases—I fully appreciate his worth, and concur with you in the opinions expressed of his very valuable preparation. I have known the Dr. from his youth, and have long been honored with his confidence and friendship, and it was in the spirit of that friendship that about eighteen months ago he disclosed to me (unsolicited) the Composition of his Pulmonary Remedy, so extensively used throughout our country.

Since then opportunities have presented of testing the efficacy of the medicine in several well marked cases of the disease, and when exhibited as recommended by the author, it has seldom failed in affording benefit to the patient, if not permanent relief. My experience and observation, therefore, in the use of the preparation of Dr. Higbee, enables me to regard the formula of great value in the treatment of pulmonary complaints, and worthy of public confidence.

M. BURROUGH.

To JAMES B. COLEMAN, M. D., Trenton, N. J.

This medicine will continue to be prepared according to the original prescription, which is now in the hands of the widow of Dr. Higbee. It will be put up and labelled as heretofore, each label bearing the signature of "R. Higbee," and will be accompanied by the printed instructions of Dr. Higbee, yet as in many instances the patient may find the advice of a physician desirable, Dr. Burrough very kindly allows himself to be consulted where personal application is made to him (not by letter) at his office, No. 120 North SEVENTH street.

The office of the Agency for the sale of the Pulmonary Remedy, and other medicinal preparations of Dr. Higbee, is at No. 169 RACE (or Sassafras) street, opposite Crown st., in the city of Philadelphia. dec 17-3m

LAW NOTICE.—THE LEGAL BUSINESS of the subscribers in all the Courts—except the Criminal—will hereafter be transacted in the joint names of JOHNSON & GREEN.

Office, No. 41 SOUTH SIXTH street, opposite the Court House.
OVID F. JOHNSON,
ASHBEL GREEN, Jr.

A. G. R. has removed his Office, to *New Jersey Commissioner*, from No. 68 Walnut street, to the above. dec 10 1y

EXTENSIVE STEAM PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.—The "*UNITED STATES JOB PRINTING OFFICE*," third and fourth stories, Ledger Building, Southwest corner of THIRD and CHESNUT streets, Philadelphia, has an extensive variety of the handsomest and best

JOB TYPE, PRESSES, MACHINERY, ENGRAVINGS, AND PRINTING MATERIALS GENERALLY,

That can be procured in this country and Europe, and are always prepared to execute all orders for

FINE LETTER PRESS PRINTING,

OF EVERY VARIETY, SUCH AS
BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, HANDBILLS, BILLS OF LADING, BILL HEADS, BANK CHECKS, CIRCULARS, CARDS, POLICIES, BLANKS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, RAIL ROAD, STAGE, AND STEAMBOAT BILLS OF EVERY VARIETY AND SIZE, WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS, etc. etc.

We are continually adding to our stock, at whatever expense, the finest specimens and beauties of the

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN FOUNDRIES,

and intend to spare no pains to suit, both in quality and price, all who may favor us with their orders.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH.

And a distinctive feature in our mode of doing business is founded upon the principle that the interest of the public to deal with those, who can make it most to their interest, not only the largest share, but the best of customers. We have therefore provided ourselves with such superior facilities and workmen, as enable us to execute printing of any kind, plain or fancy, with a despatch, neatness, cheapness, and punctuality hitherto unequalled.

☞ Dickson's Improved Rotary Card Press having been added to the office, (the only one in the city) is now in active operation. Cards and Letter-sheet Bills can therefore be thrown off at the rate of many thousands per hour. Two thousand cards [illegible] printed in a style far superior to any other work of the kind in this city, and at lower prices. For the quality. Orders for printing from any part of the United States promptly executed.

Office, Ledger Building, S. W. corner of THIRD and CHESNUT streets, Philada. oct 22-3m

OLLIS'S PATENT HYDRAULION PUMPS, for Wells, Vessels, Railroads, Factories, Paper Mills, &c., Iron Chambers, Brass and Composition, strong, durable, of great power, easily worked, neat and cheap, superior to any pump in use. HYDRAULION PUMP FACTORY, BREAD St., opposite Potter Lane, above Arch street.

☞ *Patent Rights* for States or counties for sale. Letters, (post paid,) addressed to S. C. ATKINSON Agent, No. 28 Race street, will be promptly attended to. To let, several *Large Rooms* with *Steam Power* for manufactories. nov 5-3m

TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS AND OTHERS.—M. GLYNN invites the attention of purchasers to his fashionable Hat and Cap store, No. 323 MARKET street, (below 10th, South side,) Philadelphia.

☞ Hats and Caps of every pattern made to order at the shortest notice. oct 29-3m

GIHON'S BOOK BINDERY, No. 38 CHESNUT street above Third, over the office of Graham's Magazine, Philadelphia.

Books will be bound at this establishment in any manner that may be desired, from the plainest to the most elegant style viz:

Silk Velvet, Satin or Silk Binding, with Gold, Silver, or Plated Bands, Ornaments and Clasps, and Silver or Gilt Edges.	Calf, Turkey Morocco, and Morocco, Plain or Extra, Sheep, Roan, and Cloth, either full or half Binding.

Particular attention will be given to the Binding or re-binding the Books of Public or Private Libraries, Works of Engravings, Periodicals, Albums, Books for Presents, and every other variety of Job Work.

Books sent directed to J. L. Gihon to the care of G. R. Graham & Co. will be promptly attended to. Prices reasonable. TERMS CASH. july 16tf

Gems from the Poets.

"THE LAND WHICH NO MORTAL MAY KNOW."

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Though earth has full many a beautiful spot,
As a poet or painter might show;
Yet more lovely and beautiful, holy and bright,
To the hopes of the heart, and the spirit's glad sight,
Is the land that no mortal may know.

There the crystalline stream, bursting forth from the Throne,
Flows on, and for ever will flow;
Its waves, as they roll, are with melody rife,
And its waters are sparkling with beauty and life,
In the land which no mortal may know.

And there, on its margin, with leaves ever green,
With its fruits healing sickness and woe,
The fair tree of life! in its glory and pride,
Is fed by the deep, inexhaustible tide
Of the land which no mortal may know.

There, too, are the lost! whom we loved on this earth,
With whose memories our bosoms yet glow;
Their reliques we gave to the place of the dead,
But their glorified spirits before us have fled
To the land which no mortal may know.

There the pale orb of night, and the fountain of day,
Nor beauty, nor splendor bestow;
But the presence of Him, the unchanging I AM!
And the holy, the pure, the immaculate Lamb!
Light the land which no mortal may know.

Oh! who but must pine, in this dark vale of tears,
From its clouds and its shadows to go,
To walk in the light of the glory above,
And to share in the peace, and the joy, and the love
Of the land which no mortal may know.

Popular Lectures.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS PAPER.)

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

"Ring the bell—draw up the curtain—and let the drama begin."

LECTURE XIII.

Honors to Napoleon—A brief glance at the campaigns of Italy and Egypt—Napoleon's Address to his soldiers—Wars of France—Restoration of Order—The Assignats and Paper Money of France—Religion fully restored, and kept free from the State—The unpopularity of the Directory—Another Revolution—Overthrow of the Directory by Napoleon—Singular Scenes in the Council of Five Hundred—Senators jumping out of windows—Establishment of a Consular Form of Government.

The loss of popularity experienced by the Thermidorians, owing to the number of political offenders they exiled or executed after the fall of Robespierre, had taught a lesson which was not lost upon the victors of the "Day of the Sections." Only two or three suffered for their conduct in that revolt, and but few were banished. The highest honors were awarded to Napoleon Buonaparte, who was named Commander-in-Chief of the army of Italy. It is the province of the historian rather than the lecturer, to treat of the foreign wars of France. And indeed, were it otherwise, it would be impossible even to enumerate the battles that were fought, within the compass of a popular address. It is impossible, however, to pass over the mighty and stirring events of this period of military wonders, without a brief notice.

The two grand campaigns between the Day of the Sections and the next great event of the Revolution which will close this lecture, were the conquest of Italy by General Buonaparte—and his celebrated expedition to Egypt. The efforts of France in war were truly prodigious, and although, as is usual in all military enterprises, French arms were now and then defeated, yet in the main, Victory was an attendant on the dazzling career of Napoleon. The vastness and grandeur too of his undertakings, imparted such glory to the French nation, that no one can wonder that to the people, his Cæsar-like achievements, seemed to be—

"The big wars that make ambition virtue."

The appointment of five Directors in 1795, with an Executive Power, certainly gave France the aspect of a respectable Republic; and so she might have remained, had there been virtue in her rulers to have stood the test of self-government. She was further strengthened by the restraining power of the Council of Ancients, consisting of 250 members. In 1796, Napoleon was made Chief Commander of the French army. He soon overran a large portion of Italy, and having reduced Savoy, Nice and the Milanese, and gained Mantua, after a terrific siege, he thus addressed his soldiers. "Comrades. The capture of Mantua terminates a campaign, which has justly entitled you to the everlasting gratitude of your country. You have triumphed over the enemy in three pitched battles, and 70 inferior engagements. You have taken 100,000 prisoners, 50 field pieces, 2000 battering cannon. The country you have subdued has nourished, maintained, and paid the army during the whole campaign, and you have remitted 30,000,000 to the Minister of Finance in aid of the public Treasury. You have enriched the Museum of Paris, with more than 300 of the choicest and most valuable works of art, both of ancient and modern Italy, and which it had taken thirty ages to produce."

Surely no just man can lay his hand upon his heart and say that, upon any pretext whatever, this plunder of Italy could be justified.

The success of the French arms was brilliant against the Austrians and Allies. In 1798, Napoleon captured Malta, and overran Egypt, by the command of the Convention and Directors, but was repulsed by Sir Sydney Smith at Acre. In 1799, the French army met with reverses from the Austrians, and in Italy; but Napoleon returned from Egypt; and when he gained the great battle of Marengo, he recovered the laurel of victory, and re-acquired Italy.

The ocean, however, was fatal to the French. Nelson and other British commanders swept the sea, destroyed or captured the Gallic fleets, and effectually curbed the power of France upon the watery element, by a series of the most celebrated naval victories on record. The chief of these was the battle of the Nile, or Aboukir Bay, in which the French fleet of 17 sail of the line was totally defeated and nine of them taken. This event occurred on the first of August, 1798. The famous retreat of Moreau through the Black Forest in 1796, is recorded as a masterly military manœuvre, in which though foiled, he gained many advantages, fighting victorious battles, bringing home a host of prisoners, and conducting his troops to comparative safety. Among the results of the campaigns too, may be noted the Treaty of Campo Formio, and the recognition of the French Republic by most of the powers of continental Europe, with the Batavian, Lombard and Ligurian Republics—thus greatly extending the power and influence of France.

Although the smothered fires of the civil war in La Vendee were rekindled by the Vendeans and Chouans, it was quelled in 1796, the chieftain Stofflet being taken and shot; and the brave Charette captured and shot at Nantes. On the 15th of August, 1796, General Hoche completed the conquest of La Vendee, and signed a definitive pacification with that province, which henceforward became incorporated with the Republic. An English squadron landed a large body of royalists at Quiberon, but they were defeated and all killed or taken by Hoche; and in 1798, a French expedition that sailed for Ireland proved a failure—while a larger expedition, under General Humbert, in 1796, was partly dispersed at sea by tempest, and the remainder destroyed or captured in Ireland, chiefly by Lord Cornwallis.

But let us return once more to the internal events of France. Order and religion again smiled upon the country, though suffering much from famine and the frightful depreciation of paper money. Of the "assignats," the whole amount issued from time to time by the successive governments, was 40,000,000,000 of francs, which had now become absolutely valueless! Two or three projects were proposed for their consolidation, but in vain; and other paper money, called "mandats," was issued and secured on the public lands of the emigrants and royalists, which had been confiscated. These issues, however, were distrusted by the people, and although receivable for taxes and duties, and although some holders obtained land for them—they soon suffered a great depreciation. A requisition was made upon the people for plate, to be coined into money, for which government receipts were given, lands granted, &c.; but even in this operation, much individual and public loss was sustained. A French gentleman residing in this city, informed me that his family in France had a large trunk filled with assignats, now, alas! not worth a single cent; and stories are told of hundreds and even thousands of francs in assignats, having at last been given for rides in hackney coaches from one part of Paris to another, for which a single half dollar in silver would have paid. The loss of France by her paper money, was the greatest and most complicated ever experienced in any country. Still it seemed a natural consequence of the political regeneration of the people and their emancipation from anarchy to order. In this country too, we should remember that our fathers suffered in a similar manner, but to a smaller extent, in the "continental money" [illegible] in the revolutionary war. [illegible] in Philadelphia can show bundles of "continental money," [illegible].

Long prior to the event which I am about to relate, society had recovered a decided tone in France. The evil law against the priests was cancelled, and they were again protected in their sacred callings in safety; but in 1797, the legislature very wisely refused to proclaim the Catholic religion as a religion of the State. In this there was wisdom, many of the old republicans, as shown in the first lecture, having been weary of the union of Church and State. Surely there is national liberty and common sense, in having religion free, as in the United States of America.

More than one conspiracy had been organized against the existing order of things, but not of sufficient importance to merit serious consideration. A change took place in the Directory, Rewbell and others going out, and Sieyes and Roger Ducos going in. [illegible] history has blamed him much for the corruption of the Directory, which at length [illegible] the nation became tired of the new Executive Functions.

Napoleon, on his return from Egypt—an advent which caused great joy in France—lived for some months in seclusion, devoting his time to [illegible]. The Directory had become exceedingly unpopular, and Barras, its guiding spirit, was anxious to attach the General of the Army to its cause. That speculative politician, the Abbé Sieyes, and Ducos, who possessed many friends both in the Ancients and in the Five Hundred, contemplated a re-organization of the Government, and an overthrow of the Directory. To this party Napoleon attached himself, and it was determined that on the abolition of the existing Constitution of the year III, he was to be raised to a principal post. A new Constitution had already been drafted by Sieyes; and a sufficient military force, if any should be required, was to be at the command of Napoleon. At six o'clock on the morning of the 18th Brumaire, (Nov. 9th, 1799,) all the heads of the conspiracy assembled at Napoleon's house, with three regiments of dragoons, under pretext of the "honor of being reviewed by Buonaparte. The Council of Ancients, however, had already taken the alarm, and assembled at even an earlier hour. This body passed decrees that would have required the presence of Napoleon to act in their service. He went, attended by a gallant cavalcade of victorious officers and distinguished men, and promised the Council his support.

The three Directors, Barras, Gohier and Moulins (the other two, Sieyes and Ducos) being in the plot, sent Bottot to Napoleon, to expostulate with him. Napoleon received the messenger haughtily, as if he were a monarch who had a right to summon the Directors before him, to give an account of their stewardship. "What have you done," said he, "for that fine France, which I left in such a brilliant condition? I left you peace—I find war. I gave you the wealth of Italy—I find taxation and misery. Where are my hundred thousand companions in glory? They are dead." Barras, conscious of his corruptions and peculations, was stunned by this lofty bearing of Napoleon. He left Paris for his country seat immediately, with a guard of cavalry, sent him by Napoleon; and his colleagues, Gohier and Moulins, resigned their seats.

The Executive being thus overthrown, the civil authority was really and virtually vested in Napoleon—who was supported by Cambaceres, Minister of Justice, and Fouché, Minister of Police.

The majority of the Council of Five Hundred, however, opposed this insurrection. They met about ten o'clock, and separated with cries of "Long live the Republic," to meet on the following day at Saint Cloud, according to a resolution of the Council of Ancients.

Arrests of members were talked of; but Napoleon would not consent to them. A strong force was despatched to St. Cloud by Napoleon, and confided to Murat. The conspirators (now rulers) met in the night, and agreed to propose in Councils, a Provincial Government of Three Consuls—Buonaparte, Sieyes and Ducos.

The Councils assembled, and Napoleon addressed a speech to the Ancients, in which he contended that the Constitution was not a safe one, and should be changed. He left that body amid cries of "*Vive Buonaparte.*"

He then repaired with his friends and the three regiments, to try his fortune with the more intractable and Democratic Council of Five Hundred. Lucien, his brother, was President, and Gaudin having proposed a Committee to report on the state of the Republic, his voice was stifled with the cries of "The Constitution or Death! No Dictator." Lucien could not maintain order, and Gaudin was dragged down from the tribune. Delbrel, an enthusiastic member, proposed that they should swear to maintain the Constitution of the Year III.; and all present, even Lucien, in plot against the Constitution, felt compelled to take the oath. The resignation of Barras and the Directors was then announced, and produced great ferment—when lo! martial music and the clash of arms are heard, the nodding plumes and glittering sabres of cavalry are seen, and followed by four Grenadiers, Napoleon Buonaparte enters the Hall!

He advanced with measured step about one third up the Hall, where he was received with murmurs, and questions of—"What, armed—men—force—in the sanctuary of the laws?" Several deputies rushed on Napoleon, calling for a decree of outlawry—and it is said that one Arena, a Corsican—struck at him with a dagger, but the "Man of Destiny" was saved by a grenadier who turned aside the blow. The confusion at this moment was immense; but Napoleon was saved by a large party of soldiers entering the Hall with drawn swords, and rescuing him from the enraged deputies. Augereau, one of Napoleon's favorite generals, seemed for a moment to waver, saying to Napoleon, "A fine situation you have brought yourself to." Napoleon answered calmly and sternly. "Augereau—I advise you to remain quiet. Things were worse at Arcole. In a short time all this will change."

The clamor increased, with cries of "outlawry—outlawry!" "Can you expect me to outlaw my own brother?" asked the President Lucien, flinging his hat and official scarf on the desk; and another body of grenadiers entering the Hall, bore Lucien along with them to the troops without.

Napoleon remained; now agitated, and bearing on him the marks of personal violence; while the members were debating with clamor and fury, the means of his destruction.

But in a moment, the whole scene was changed. At the instance of Lucien, Murat and himself entered the Hall, at the head of a large armed force with fixed bayonets. Cries of fear and shouts of "Vive la Republique," rose on all sides. An officer mounted the President's chair, and in the General's name, commanded the members to retire. A few obeyed, but the majority sat still. The drums were beaten, and the words "forward"—"charge!"—given to the military. The members fled in every direction, most of them leaping from the windows, and in five minutes the Hall was completely clear of the representatives of the people. Thus did Napoleon close the last Democratic Legislature of France, in the very spirit of Cromwell, when he drove out the Long Parliament of England, and put the keys of their Chamber in his pocket.

The dominant and usurping party immediately set a report in circulation, to the effect that the Hall was cleared, in consequence of some of the deputies offering violence to the General, and Thomé the Grenadier, who saved him from an alleged assassin's dagger, was rewarded and honored by Buonaparte and Josephine. Lucien assembled about a hundred of the junior members shortly afterwards, and made such explanations to the Council of the Ancients, that they, glad of any pretext to submit to the necessity of the times and the law of an irresistible force, agreed, in conjunction with Lucien's skeleton of the Council of Five Hundred, to adjourn to February 19th, 1800. Napoleon, Sieyes, and Ducos, were made Provisional Consuls; with two Commissions of 25 members each, selected from the two Councils, and appointed to approve such measures as the Consuls might have occasion to take.

Thus ended this memorable day, a day of revolution accomplished by physical force, but without shedding a single drop of blood. From this moment, French Democracy was no more. Power usurped the rights of freedom, and the "Man of Destiny" as he styled himself, was already far advanced in his career towards the majority of Imperial sway.

WOMAN'S SYMPATHY.—The New Haven Herald relates that as a runaway horse, dragging a wagon with a young lad in it, was suddenly brought up with a crash in the streets of the town, but fortunately without injury to the boy, an old lady in great agitation followed in pursuit of the wagon. "Mother, mother," exclaimed her daughter, "where are you going? Don't get into the crowd; you can't do him any good." Seeing her agitation, a lady who happened to be passing at the moment kindly inquired, "Is he your son?" "Oh no," replied the old matron, "*but he is somebody's son.*"

Choice Selections.

A NEW DICTIONARY.

DUPE—A man who has not learned to despise his fellow-men.

[illegible]—The only [illegible] a woman hears invariably.

SLANDER—The [illegible] of [illegible] the mote in the eye of their brother, without perceiving the beam in their own.

MADMAN—One whose madness does not coincide with that of the multitude.

MOURNING DRESS—An equivocal mark of grief—often the outward sign of inward joy.

OATH—An engagement which a man of office enters into to be faithful to his place, and to his salary.

LEGISLATURE—An assemblage of select wise men in which the people are much talked of and other things much thought of.

OFFERS OF SERVICE—A sort of coin of which our pockets are always full, and which are therefore without any discount to our property.

ECONOMY—A due medium between prodigality and avarice, which in the end generally inclines towards the latter. A means of dismissing old servants to-day, in order to put favorites in their places tomorrow.

HONOR—A term whose meaning is singularly comprehensive, including both virtue and infamy. It signifies every thing, and it signifies nothing. We reckon the honor of dying for our country. We have had the honor of killing our best friend in a duel. We have the honor of admiring a scoundrel, of [illegible] his conversation to a fool, or of writing to an idiot.

INDISCRETION—A defect in the judgment—young people tell what they do—old people what they have done—fools what they would like to do—and women whatever enters their heads.

SPOT—A thing much more offensive to the eye on a fine garment than on a coarse one.

SUNDAY—With many a day of rest from doing nothing.

MONEY—Precious metals, or slips of paper which, by some hidden virtue, double the worth of an individual, and the exception to be given him in society. The tariff of all the virtues—a liniment capable of softening the harshest temper.

MAHOMEDAN SUPERSTITION.

The annual ceremony of kissing the mantle of the Prophet, at Constantinople, took place on the 19th ultimo. The sultan, attended by the dignitaries of the state and the whole of his court, went to the seraglio of Top Kapu. The Chirkai-Scherif (the sacred mantle) is deposited in the Chan Oda, a large hall, in which other relics and precious things are preserved. The mantle is wrapped up in 40 covers, each made of the finest and richest stuffs. When these have been successively unfolded, the sultan kneels down, and having with the most profound veneration kissed the skirt of the cloak, rises, and is succeeded, first by the Sheik ul Islam, and then, in succession, by all the grandees of the empire, in the order of their respective ranks. The sultan continues to assist throughout the whole ceremony, remaining standing while his Silihdar-Aga (equery) every time the mantle was kissed wiped the place carefully with a muslin handkerchief. There were so many handkerchiefs as votaries, and at the end of the ceremony one of them is delivered by the equery to each of the persons who had kissed the mantle. The kissing being finished, a large basin filled with water was brought, and the Sheik ul Islam, a venerable old man, with a long white beard, wearing a splendid insignia richly set with diamonds on his breast, dipped the bottom of the mantle in the water, and then wiped and dried it. This being done, the cloak was so carefully wrapped up again in its forty covers, and the water, which had by its use become holy, was put into bottles that were afterwards sealed by the Kislar Aga (chief of the eunuchs) with his signet ring. These bottles were sent to the sultan's harem and the palaces of the grandees, to be drunk during the last fortnight of the Ramadan. The water is used the first thing in breaking the fast after sunset, by pouring a few drops into another glass full of other pure water, and drinking it at supper. It is the first nourishment taken after an abstinence of twelve hours. It is believed to strengthen faith, increase the fervor of prayer, and enable the faithful to persevere in fasting till the end of the holy month.

THE BRIDAL IN EDEN.

BY F. J. OTTERSON.

The sapphire walls of Paradise
Flashed back the golden sun,
Whose third diurnal journey o'er,
Proclaimed creation done;
The murmurs of Euphrates' wave
Sent up a sweet farewell,
As over Nature's infant life
The wand of slumber fell.

That day the priestly king of men—
Great master-work of God—
Through Eden's groves, as lord of all,
In matchless beauty trod;
Before the glancing of his eye
The haughty lion quailed,
And sportive life in every form
Its godlike master hailed.

Now, pensive, by the Tree of Life
He watched the dying day,
His locks of gold in wantonness
Waved to the zephyr's play—
In pairs the birds had sought the boughs,
In pairs the beasts had gone
To slumber by the babbling stream—
Man only was alone.

Alone! alone!—the glittering stars
In pairs appeared to move;
The Moon threw down in modest glow
The Sun's warm glance of love;
The weaker rose blushed rosy red
Beside the stronger white,
And noisy Day a partner found
In sombre, silent Night.

Though he had moved, unknowledged king,
Amid a world of life,
Fear bowed the weak, Fear stilled the strong
Fear turned to peace the strife;
But now his soul breathed forth a prayer
To Him who reigns above,
That he would send some gentle one
To share his yearning love.

Then on a bed of fragrant flowers
His faultless form reclined,
And death-like sleep in dreams of bliss
Entranced his raptured mind;
While from the prison of his heart
A single bar was torn,
And, moulded by the Maker's hand,
His second self was born.

Still dreamed he, till the seventh day
In dazzling glory broke,
And countless songsters in the groves
Their orisons awoke;
Then, springing from his rosy couch,
He gazed, in wondering pride,
Upon a phantom of himself,
That slumbered by his side.

He spoke, and Eve before him stood,
First wakened by his word,
And meekly claimed the son of God
As guardian, husband, lord;
Then, kneeling to the Maker's throne,
Beneath the Tree of Life,
The earliest earthly Sabbath sun
Saw Adam wed his wife.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

NEW ORLEANS STREET MARKET.

UMBRELLAS—Rise with the rain, and fall with the sun. Holders uneasy, calculating on a *spread* of business. Article apt to change hands.

LEATHER, SHOES, &c.—Great activity in these articles just before bank closes. Duns also discover a desire to move in the commodity. Boots brisk, but no *pumps* in the market, as there should be to carry off the rain.

HOSE—Owing to a close stocking of the market holders do not anticipate a *rise*—above the *knee*—some difficulty in getting rid of wet socks, which as yet, cannot be *worsted*.

PANTALOONS—Holders are in a *tight* place, but are unwilling to let go. Like most merchants, they evince considerable anxiety about the state of their *drawers*.

SUSPENDERS—Business in this article is partly over the left shoulder. Holders are anxious to *let go* towards bed time but are ready for *buckling* too early in the morning.

STOCKS—It is neck or nothing with dealers in this article. Holders got uneasy in the middle of the day, and in transactions are perfectly willing to *throw off*. Stocks were *stiff* last week, but the weather affects them considerably at present.

WAISTCOATS—No transactions, people have no money to in-vest this article, and *pockets are empty*.

GLOVES—This commodity is very little *hand-ed*, he who *fingers* in them finds it hard to get clear. The chief dealers are among the [illegible].

OLD TIMES.

In 1637, there were but thirty-seven ploughs in all Massachusetts, and the use of those agricultural implements was not familiar to all the planters. From the annals of Salem, it appears in that year it was agreed by the town to grant Richardson Hutchinson twenty acres of land in addition to his share, on condition "he get up ploughing."

1643. The court order, that at the election of assistant four, Indian beans should be used instead of paper, the white to be affirmative, and the black negative.

1647. The court order that if any young man attempt to address a young woman without the consent of her parents, or in the case of their absence, of the Country Court, he shall be fined £5 for the first offence, £10 for the second, and be imprisoned for the third.

1649. Matthew Stanley was tried for drawing in the affections of John Tarbox's daughter, without the consent of her parents: convicted, and fined £5—fees, 2s. 6d. Three married women were fined 5s. each for *scolding*.

1653. Jonas Fairbanks was tried for wearing great boots, but was acquitted.—*National Ægis.*

THE MILLER TEMPLE.

THE GREAT MILLER TEMPLE, which is rising on the ruins of the old Howard street House, is now about as high as the Mormon Temple at Nauvoo was at the last accounts. By the way—we see by the Newburyport Herald, that Elder Lincoln, of the Christian Church, at Salisbury Point, has recently adopted the prevalent doctrine of Mr. Miller, respecting the coming end of the world, and the Concord (N. H.) Statesman states that in one of the School Districts of Hillsborough in that State, the whole population have become believers in the doctrine of Miller—closed their district school, and taken their children home to get prepared for the Second Advent.

CLEVER STORY.

The Portland Bulletin tells the following clever story: Squire D., in his prime of life was an inveterate joker. Observing Parson K. one morning in the market making inquiries for good eating apples, he stepped up to a countryman who had several bags of excellent fruit, for which he saw the parson dickering, and cautioned him to beware of "that gentleman in black"—he was rather a hard old customer and would be into his apples in a twinkling, if he was not strictly watched. The countryman upon this information covered his bags over with a buffalo robe; but the parson had already got a sight of the fruit, and hastening up to the cart, commenced throwing aside the buffalo, when he found himself suddenly interrupted. "I'd thank you not to trouble my cart," exclaimed the farmer. "Have not you apples for sale?" "Well, if I have, what is that to you?" "I wish to purchase some." "Yes, yes! I've heard of you afore—it is'nt these people that wears the smartest clothes that is the honestest. I'd rather have you leave my cart." "Why, sir, what do you mean? I'm a minister of the gospel." Here the farmer burst into a broad laugh, declaring that the parson was the most barefaced rogue he had ever met with, and the reverend gentleman was fain to leave the wagon, and go home in no very pleasant humor. Squire D., meanwhile ensconced in a neighboring shop, had been enjoying the parson's chagrin prodigiously, but no sooner had the worthy preacher departed than he sallied forth, purchased a couple of bushels of apples, and sent them up to his house with all possible speed. Fortunately the apples arrived before the preacher, who on coming to his house and finding them there, was as much surprised as he was at the conduct of the countryman.

The Humorist.

☞ A man of no very favorable reputation for debt-paying, called upon the Hon. Mr. Brown, a talented and efficient delegate in the Virginia Legislature, from Preston county—who is a lawyer and a farmer—and stated that he had understood that there was a new way paying one's debts, and that he wanted to go through the process. "The process, sir, is very simple!" said Mr. Brown, hunting up a branding iron on which was cut a large "B," he branding his cattle, and bringing it into his office. "What on arth, is you going to do, Mr. Brown, with that are brand?"—feeling rather skittish, no doubt, at the sight of the instrument. "Why, this 'B' stands for "Bankrupt." I am about to brand it upon your forehead; and then your creditors will see how your debts are all paid. I'll have it hot in a minute, sir"—throwing it among the embers.—*Baltimore Visiter.* The fellow "cut stick," and never said a word more about the new way of paying his debts.

☞ The following amusing dialogue we believe originally appeared in the *Picayune*:—"Am you willin' if I moosmerise you, Sambo?" "Sartin I is, Cuffy."—[*Here follow the passes, quite a la Mesmer*; and the "*community of sensation*" is soon established.] "Is you done gone to sleep, Sambo?" "Yes, Cuffy, fast asleep." "Well, den, what hab I got in my mouf?" tasting a bit of sugar. "*Cuffy, I'm fast asleep.*"

☞ At a recent dinner given by the Farmers of St. Louis, the following toast received three hearty cheers. "The Ladies—God bless them! The only incendiaries who kindle a spark into a *flame* with no intention to destroy—their sole object being to set hearts on fire with love, and quench them with matrimony."

☞ The mail travels in odd ways enough, now and then, through the Choctaw nation. A Dutchman, who happened to be jogging along with a Kentuckian, not long since, in that region, asked—"Wasn't dat de mail stage we met dis mornin' wit a boy carryin' de mail pags in a puggy?"—*Picayune.*

☞ An Irishman being asked how his mother's health was. "My jewel," said he, "I am very much obliged to you for your inquiry, but I never had a mother!" "How is that?" said his friend. "Why don't you know," observed Paddy, "that I am the son of my aunt!"

☞ A man with eleven daughters was lately complaining that he found it hard to live. "You must husband your time," said the other, "and then you will do well enough." "I could do much better," was the reply, "if I could husband my daughters."

☞ Lady Caroline Lamb, in a moment of passion, struck down one of her pages with a stool. The poet Moore—to whom this was told by Lord Strangford—observed, "Oh, nothing is more natural for a literary lady than to *double down a page*."

☞ "Cato, what do you suppose is the reason that the sun goes to the south in the winter?" "Well, I don't know, massa, unless he no stand the 'clemency of the norf, and so am obliged to go to the souf, where he sperience warmer longitudes."

☞ The son of a fond father, when going to war, promised to bring home the head of one of the enemy. His parent replied, "I should be glad to see you come home without a HEAD, provided you come home safe.

☞ Those parents who—however rich or influential they may be—neglect to bring up their children to industrious habits, act unrighteously towards them, and will hereafter have it to answer for.

☞ Wit is the lightning of the mind, reason the sunshine, and reflection the moonlight; for as the bright orb of night owes its lustre to the sun, so does reflection owe its existence to reason.

☞ Old bachelors do not live so long as other men. They have nobody to darn their stockings or mend their clothes. They catch cold, and there is no one to make them sage tea.

☞ Who hooked our penknife.—*Rich. Star.* Was it "hooked," or did it not voluntarily abscond. It's so natural for a penknife—particularly a Yankee one—to "*cut stick*."—*Times.*

☞ The charge for a letter weighing *one ounce* from New Orleans to New York, is *one dollar*—the freight on a pound of cotton from New York to Liverpool, is *one half-penny*.

☞ The *plurisy* is very prevalent now in this vicinity.—*Republican.* Yes! and you have a bad *spell of it* yourself.

☞ At Sparta, a man was liable to an action for not marrying at all, or marrying too late, and for marrying improperly.

☞ "Those notes enliven me," as the printer said when a remittance came for five years subscription.

☞ "I am *pan-ic* struck," as the man exclaimed when his wife beat him with her frying apparatus.

☞ "When we are wound up, we go it stronger than ever," as the clock said to the bankrupts.

☞ "I have filed a petition for relief," as the criminal said when he escaped from prison.

☞ "Home is home," as the feller said as he went to jail for the seventh time.

☞ "You are too hard on me," as the corn remarked to the tight boot.

Lever's New Novel.

OUR MESS.

Jack Hinton, the Guardsman.

CHAPTER LX.

DISCLOSURES.

I have more than once heard physicians remark the singular immunity a fool's scull seems to possess from the evil effects of injury, as if nature, when denying a governing faculty, had, in kind compensation, imparted a triple thickness to the head that exposed. It is well known how among the educated and thinking classes many maladies are fatal, which are comparatively innocuous among those whose hands alone are called on to labor. A very ingenious theory might be spun from this fact, to the manifest self-gratulation of fox-hunters, sailors, gentlemen who assault the new police, tithe-proctors, and others; for the present I have no further use for the remark, than as it bore upon the head-piece of Lord Dudley de Vere, whose admirable developments had received little or no damage from the rude assault of his companion. When he awoke the next morning, he was only aware that something unusual had occurred; and gradually by "trying back" in his sensations, he remembered every particle that took place—had the clearest recollection of the "run upon red"—knew the number of bottles of champagne he had partaken of, and was only puzzled by one thing—what could possibly have suggested the courage with which he confronted Burke, and the hardihood that led him to insult him.

As to any awkwardness at being brought home to the house of the person he had himself so ill-treated, he never felt any thing approaching to it; the extent of his reasoning on this point only went to his satisfaction, that "some one" took care of him, and that he was not left to lie on the floor of the "salon."

This admirable philosophy of his served in a great measure to relieve me from the constraint I felt in presenting myself before him, and soon put me perfectly at my ease in our interview. After learning that, except some head-aching sensations, the only inconvenience he experienced was an unconquerable thirst, I touched slightly on the cause of his misfortune, when, what was my astonishment to discern that he not only did not entertain a particle of ill-will towards the man who had so brutally ill-treated him, but actually grew warm in his panegyric of Burke's consummate skill and address at play—such qualities in his estimation being well worthy to cover any small blemishes of villainy his character might suffer under.

"I say, don't you think Burke a devilish sharp fellow? he's up to every thing, and so cool—so confoundedly cool; not last night, though: no, by Jove! he lost temper completely. I shall be marked with that knock, eh? Damn me, it was too bad; he must apologize for it. You know he was drunk, and somehow he was all wrong the whole evening; he wouldn't let me back the 'rouge,' and such a run—you saw that, I suppose?"

I assented with a nod, for I still hesitated how far I should communicate to him my knowledge of Burke's villainy towards myself.

"By-the-bye, it's rather awkward my being here; you know your people have cut me: don't you think I might get a [illegible] to bring me over to the Hotel D'Alger?"

There was [illegible] touched me in the simplicity of this remark, and I proceeded to assure him that any former imprudence of my friends would not be remembered against him at that moment.

"Oh! that I'm sure of. No one ever thinks it worth while to bear malice against a poor devil like me; but if I'd have backed the red——"

"Colonel O'Grady is in the drawing-room," said a servant in a low voice to me at this instant; and leaving Lord Dudley to speculate on the contingencies of his having "backed the red," I joined my friend, whom I had not seen on the previous day.

We were alone, and in ten minutes I explained to him the entire discovery I had fallen upon, omitting only my affection for Louisa Bellew, which I could not bring myself even to allude to.

"I see," said Phil, when I concluded—"I see you are half disposed to forgive De Vere all his rascality. Now, what a different estimate we take of men; perhaps—I can't say—it is because I'm an Irishman—but I hate in the bold-faced villain Burke; the miserable, contemptible weakness of the one is far more intolerable to me than the ruffian effrontery of the other. Don't forget the lesson I gave you many years ago: a fool is always a blackguard. Now, if that fellow could see his companion this minute, there is not a circumstance he has noticed here that he would not retail, if it were to your disadvantage. Unmoved by your kindness to him, he would sell you, ay, to the very man you saved him from. But, after all, what have we to do with him? Our first point is, to ensure this poor girl's name from being ever mixed with his; any thing further is, of course, out of the question. The Rooneys are going back—I saw Paul this morning—the [illegible] Lawn' has been their ruin—all the Irish officers who had taken Madame de Roni for an illustrious stranger have found out the true scent; and so many distinguished persons are involved in the ridicule of their parties, that the old *chef de police*, my friend, has sent them a private order to leave Paris in a week. Paul is in raptures at it—he has spent eighteen thousand in two months—detests the place—is dying to be back in Dublin—and swears that except one Cossack officer he hasn't met a pleasant fellow since he came abroad."

"And Mrs. Paul?"

"Oh! the old story. I put Guillemain up to it, and he has hinted that the Empress of Russia has heard of the Czar's attentions—that there's the devil to pay in St. Petersburgh—and that if she doesn't manage to steal out of Paris slyly, some confounded bravo or other will slip a sack over her head and carry her off to Tobolsk. Elizabeth and the Exiles has formed part of her reading, and Madame de Roni will dream every night of the knout till she reaches her dear native land. But now to business. I, too, have made my discoveries since we met. De Vere's high play has been a matter of surprise to all who know him. I have found out his secret—he plays with forged *billets de banque*."

"And has the wretched fellow gone so far as this?"

"He doesn't know it—he believes that the money is the proceeds of bills he has given to Burke, who affects to get them discounted. See here—here are a handful of their notes—Guillemain knows all, and retains the secret as a hold over Burke, whose honesty to himself he already suspects. If he catch him tripping——"

"Then ——"

"Why, then, the galleys for life. Such is the system—a villain with them is worthless if his life isn't at their disposal—Satan's hand completely—all, all. But show me De Vere's room, and leave me alone with him for half an hour. Let us then meet at my hotel, and concert future measures."

Having left O'Grady with De Vere, I walked out upon the boulevards, my head full of the extraordinary facts so suddenly thronging one upon the other. A dash of hope, that for many a day had not visited me, was now mingled through all my meditations, and I began to think that there was yet a chance of happiness for me.

I had not gone many paces when an arm was thrust into mine, and a hearty chuckling laugh at the surprise rang in my ear. I turned—it was Mr. Paul Rooney, taking his morning's promenade of Paris, and now on his way home with an enormous bouquet for madame, which she had taught him to present to her each day on her appearing in the drawing-room.

"Ah! captain, the very man I wanted. We haven't had a moment to ourselves since your arrival. You must come and take a bit of dinner with us to-day—thank heaven, we've no company. I have a leg of pork, smuggled into the house as if it was a bale of goods from Alexandria. Nobody knows of it but myself and Tim."

"Tim! why, have you brought Tim to Paris?"

"Hush!" said he in a low cautious voice; "I'd be ruined entirely if madame was to find him out. Tim is dressed like a Tartar, and stands in the hall: and Mrs. Rooney believes that he never heard of a civil bill in his life. But here we are."

So saying, he opened a small wicket with a latch key, and led me into a large and well-trimmed garden, across which we walked at a rapid pace; Paul speculating from the closed shutters of his wife's room that he needed not have hurried home so fast—

"She's not down yet—one o'clock as I'm a sinner. Come along, and sit down in the library; I'll join you presently."

Scarcely had Paul left the room when I began to think over the awkwardness of my position should I meet Miss Bellew; what course to follow under the circumstances I knew not; when just at the moment the door opened, and she entered. Not perceiving me, as I stood in a deep window recess, she drew a chair to the fire and sat down. I hardly ventured to breathe—I felt like one who had no right to obtrude himself there, and had become, as it were, a spy upon her. A long-drawn breath burst from me; she started up; I moved slightly forward, and stood before her. She leaned her hand upon the arm of the chair for support, her cheek grew deadly pale; and a tremulous quiver shook her lip.

"Mr. Hinton," she began; and then as if the very sound of her voice had terrified her, she paused. "Mr. Hinton," resumed she, "I am sure—nay, I know—if you were aware of the reasons of my conduct towards you, you would not only acquit me of all blame, but spare me the pain of our ever meeting."

"I know them—I do know them," said I passionately; "I have been slandered."

"No, you do not, cannot know what I mean," interrupted she. "It is a secret between my own heart and one who is now no more."

The last words fell from her one by one, while a single tear rolled from her eyelid, and trickled along her cheek.

"Yes, yes, Louisa, I do know it—I know all: a chance has told me how your dear father's name has been used to banish me for ever from your sight—how a forgery of his hand-writing——"

"What! who could have told you what my father's last note contained?"

"He who wrote it is confessed it in my hearing—Ulick Burke: nay, I can even repeat the words——"

But as I spoke, a violent trembling seized her, her lips became bloodless, she tottered, and sunk upon the chair. I had only time to spring forward and catch her in my arms, and her head fell heavily back, and dropped on my shoulder.

I cannot, if I would, repeat the words which, in all the warm eloquence of affection I spoke. I could mark by her heightened color that the life's blood again coursed freely in her veins; and could see that she heard me. I told her how through every hardship and suffering, in all the sorrow of disappointed ambition, in the long hours of captivity, my heart had ever turned to her: and then, when we did meet, to see her changed!

"But you do not blame—you cannot blame me, if I believed——"

"No, if you tell me now that but for this falsehood you have not altered—that your heart is still as much my own as I once thought it."

A faint smile played on her lips as her eyes were turned upon me; while her voice muttered—

"And do you still love me?"

I pressed her hand to my lips in rapture, when suddenly the door opened, and Paul Rooney rushed in.

"Another candidate for the leg of ———. Eh? what's this?" said he, as I rose and advanced to meet him; while Louisa, blushing deeply, buried her head in her hand, and then starting up, left the room.

"Captain, captain," said Paul gravely, "what does this mean? Do you suppose that because there is some difference in our rank in life, that you are privileged to insult one who is under my protection? Is it because you are the guardsman, and I the attorney, that you have dared to take a liberty here, which in your own walk you couldn't venture on?"

"My dear Mr. Rooney, you mistake me sadly."

"If I do not mistake you, I'll put a hole in your body as sure as my name's Paul," was the quick reply.

"You do, then, and wrong me to boot. I have been long and ardently attached to Miss Bellew. From the hour I met her at your house, I loved her. It is the first time we have met since our long separation, I determined it should not be lost. I've asked her to be my wife."

"You have! And what does she say?"

"She has consented."

"Rum-ti-iddity, iddity," said Paul, snapping his fingers, and capering about the room like a man deranged. "Give me your hand, my buck. I'd rather draw the settlements, so help me, than I'd see the warrant to make me master of the rolls. Who'd say there isn't luck in a leg of pork? She's a darling girl; and beautiful as she is, her looks isn't the best of her—an angel as sure as I'm here. And look here,"—here he dropped his voice,—"seven thousand a year, that may be made nine. Hennessy's farm is out of lease in October: and the Cloongoff estate is let at ten shillings an acre. Hurroo! maybe I won't be drunk to-night; and bad luck to the Cossack, Tartar, Bohemian, or any other blackguard, I'll let in to the house this day or night. Sworn, my lord."

After some little discussion, it was arranged that if Louisa would give her consent to the arrangement, the marriage should take place before the Rooneys left Paris. Meanwhile, Paul agreed with me in keeping the whole matter a perfect secret from every body, Mrs. Rooney herself included. Our arrangements were scarcely concluded when O'Grady appeared. Having waited for me some time at his hotel, he had set out in search of me.

"I'm your man to-day, Paul," said he. "You got my vote, I suppose?"

"All right," said Mr. Rooney, whose double secret of the marriage and the leg of pork seemed almost too much for him to bear.

"I suppose I may tell Phil," said I in a whisper.

"No one else," said Paul as we left the house, and I took O'Grady's arm down the street.

"Well, I have frightened De Vere to some purpose," said O'Grady. "He has made a full confession about Burke, who was even a deeper villain than we supposed. What do you think, he has been the spy of the Buonapartist faction all this time, and telling all Guillemain as regularly as the others. To indulge his passion for play, he studied the play of four different parties, whom he played against each other exactly as he saw proper. Circumstances almost [illegible]! he had to deal with men whose whole lives are passed in the very practice of every chicanery and deceit, and yet he has jockied them all. What a sad thing to think that abilities and knowledge of mankind should be prostituted to the lowest and most debasing uses; and that the sole tendency of talent should be to dishonor and disgrace its possessor! Some of his unpublished despatches were masterpieces of cleverness."

"Well, where is he now? still in Paris?"

"No. The moment he laid so far forgotten himself as to strike De Vere, he forged a passport, and returned to London, carrying with him heads of papers of the French authorities, which to our foreign-office will be very acceptable. De Vere meanwhile feels quite at his ease. He was always afraid of his companions yet can't forgive him his last indignity."

"No! A blow?"

"Not at all! you mistake—his regrets have a different origin. It is for not backing the 'rouge' that he is inexorable towards him. Besides he is under the impression that all these confessions he has been making, establish for him a kind of moral insolvency act, by which he is to come forth irresponsible for the past, and quite ready to contract new debts for the future. At this moment his greatest point of doubt consists in whether he should marry your cousin Lady Julia or Miss Bellew; for, in his own phrase, 'he must do something that way to come round.'"

"Impudent scoundrel!"

"Faith, I assure you; and so easy, so unaffected, so free from embarrassment of any kind is he, that I'm really quite a convert to this modern school of good manners, when associating with even such as Burke conveys no feeling of shame or discomfort. More than could be said some forty years ago, I fancy."

It was the hour of my mother's morning reception, and we found the drawing-room crowded with loungers and fashionable idlers, discussing the news of the day, and above all the *Roni fête*—the extraordinary finale to which gave rise to a hundred conjectures: some asserting that Monsieur de Roni's song was a violent pasquinade against the Emperor Alexander. Others, equally well informed, alleging it was the concerted signal for a general massacre of the allies, which was to have begun at the same moment in the Rue Montmartre. "She is a Buonapartist—a Legitimist—a Neapolitan—an [illegible]," continued one after another; my only fear being, that some one would enlighten the party by saying, she was the wife of an Irish attorney. All agreed, however, she was "*bien manierée fou*," that her *fête* was, with all its magnificence, any thing but select; her supper superb, but too crowded by half; and, in fact, that Madame Roni had enjoyed the pleasure of ruining herself to very little other purpose than that of being generally ridiculed and laughed at.

"And this niece, or ward, or whatever it is—who can tell any thing of her?" said my mother.

"*Ah, pardieu! she's very handsome*," said Grammont, with a malicious smile.

"Perfect," said another, "quite perfect; but a little too graceful. Dont you think so?"

"Why, what do you mean?" said Lady Charlotte, as her eyes sparkled with animation at the thought of a secret.

"Nothing," replied the last speaker, carelessly; "except that one always detects the '*danseuse*;' she was thinner when I saw her at Naples."

I whispered one word—but one—in his ear, and his face became purple with shame and confusion.

"Eh, what is it?" said my mother eagerly. "John knows something of her too. John, dearest, let us hear it?"

"I am in your ladyship's debt as regards one secret, said O'Grady, interrupting; "perhaps I may be permitted to pay it on this occasion. The lady in question is the daughter of an Irish baronet, the descendant of a family as old as any of those who now hear me. That baronet would have been a peer of the realm, had he consented to vote once—but once—with the minister, on a question where his conscience told him to oppose him; his refusal was repaid by neglect—others were promoted to rank and honors before him; but the frown of a minister could neither take away the esteem of his country, nor his own self-respect. He is now dead; but his daughter is the worthy inheritor of his virtues and his name—perhaps I might interest the present company as much in her favor by adding, she possesses something like eight thousand per annum."

"Two hundred thousand *livres de rent!*" said Grammont, smacking his lips with astonishment, and perfectly insensible to the tone of mockery in which O'Grady's last words were spoken.

"And you are sure of all this?" said my mother.

O'Grady bowed deeply, but without speaking, while his features assumed an expression of severe determination I had never witnessed before. I could not help remarking, that amid the dismay such an announcement created amid that gossiping and calumnious assembly, my cousin Julia's eyes shone with an added lustre, and her whole face beamed with a look of proud and exalted beauty.

This was now the time to tell O'Grady my secret; and drawing him towards a window, I said—

"Phil, I can wait no longer—you must hear it. I'm going to be married."

The words had not left my lips, when O'Grady started back, his face pale like a corpse, and his whole frame trembling with emotion. By a violent effort, however, he rallied; and as he clutched my arm with his fingers, he said—

"I must be going; these good people have made me forget an appointment. Make my respectful homage to her ladyship—and the bride. I shall see you before I leave."

"Leave! Why, where are you thinking of going?"

"To India."

"To India!" said Julia, starting round as he spoke.

"To India!" said I in amazement.

He nodded, and, turning quickly round, left the room.

I hastened after him with all my speed, and dashing down stairs, was making for the *porte cochère*, when a shadow beside the door-way caught my eye. I stopped. It was O'Grady: he was leaning against the wall, his head buried in his hands. A horrible doubt shot through my heart—I dared not dwell upon it, but rushing towards him, I called him by his name. He turned quickly round, while a fierce wild look glistened in his eyes—

"Not now, Hinton—not now!" said he, motioning me away with his hand; and then, as a cold shudder passed over him, he drew his hand across his face, and added in a lower tone—"I never thought to have betrayed myself thus. Good-by, my dear fellow, good-by! It were better we shouldn't meet again."

"My dearest, best friend! I never dreamed that the brightest hour of my life was to throw this gloom over your heart."

"Yes, Jack," said he, in a voice low and broken, "from the first hour I saw her I loved her. The cold manner she maintained towards me at your father's house——"

"In my father's house? What do you mean?"

"When in London, I speak of—when I joined first. Your cousin——"

"My cousin!"

"Yes, Lady Julia. Are you so impatient to call her wife, that you will not remember her as cousin?"

"Call her wife! My dear boy, you're raving. It's Louisa Bellew."

"What! Is it Miss Bellew you are to marry?"

"To be sure——"

But I could not finish the sentence; as he fell upon my shoulder, and his strong frame was convulsed with emotion. In an instant, however, I tore myself away; and calling out—"Wait for me, O'Grady!" rushed up-stairs. I peeped hastily into the drawing-room, and then hurrying along a corridor, opened a door at the end. The blinds of the windows were down, and the room so dark that I could scarcely perceive if any one were there, had not my steps been guided by a low sob, which I heard issue from the end of the sofa.

"Julia," said I, rushing forward—"Julia, my dearest cousin! this is no time to deceive ourselves: he loves you—loved you from the first hour he met you. Let me have but one word. Can he—dare he hope that you are not indifferent to him? Let him but see you—but speak to you. Believe me, you have beat a heart as proud and haughty as your own; and you will have broken it if you refuse him. There, dearest girl!—— Thanks—my heart's thanks for this!"

The slightest pressure of her taper fingers sent a thrill through me, as I sprung up and dashed down the stairs. In an instant I had seized O'Grady's arm, and the next moment whispered in his ear—

"You've won her!"

CHAPTER LXI.

NEW ARRIVALS.

Mr. Paul Rooney's secret was destined to be inviolable, as regarded his leg of pork; for Madame de Roni, either from chagrin or fatigue, did not leave her room the entire day; Miss Bellew declined joining us; and we sat down, a party of three, each wrapped up in his own happiness to a degree far too great to render us either social or conversational. It is true, the wine circulated briskly, we nodded pleasantly now and then to each other; but all our efforts to talk led us to so many blunders and cross answers, that we scarcely ventured on more than a chance phrase, or a good-humored smile. There were certainly several barriers in the way of our complete happiness, in the innumerable prejudices of my lady mother, who would be equally averse to O'Grady's project as to my own; but now was not the time to speculate on these; and we wrapped ourselves up in the glorious anticipation of our success, and cared little for such sources of opposition as might now arise. Meanwhile, Paul entered into a long and doubtless very accurate statement of the Bellew property, to which, I confess, I paid little attention, save when the name of Louisa occurred, which momentarily aroused me from my dreaminess. All the wily stratagems by which he had gained his points with Galway juries—all the cunning devices by which he had circumvented opposing lawyers, and obtained verdicts in almost hopeless cases, however I might have relished another time, I only now listened to without interest, or heard without understanding.

Towards ten o'clock I received more than one hint from O'Grady that we had promised to take tea at the Place Vendome; while I myself was manœuvring to find out, if we were to separate for coffee, what prospect there might be of seeing Louisa Bellew in the drawing-room.

It was in that dusky twilight we sat, which somehow seems so suited to the quiet enjoyment of one's claret with a small and chosen party; where intimacy prevails sufficiently to make conversation more a thing of choice than necessity; where each man can follow out his own path in thought, and only let his neighbor have a peep here and there into his dreamings; where some vista opens, or some bold prospect stretches away: next to the blazing fire of a winter's hearth, this is the pleasantest thing I know of. Thus was it—when the door opened, and a dusky outline of a figure appeared at the entrance.

"Is Master Phil here?" said a croaky voice there was no mistaking as Mr. Delany's.

"Yes, Corny. What's wrong? any thing new?"

"Where's the captain?" said he in the same tone.

"I'm here, Corny," said I.

"Well; there's them looking for you without," said he, "that 'ill maybe surprise you, pleasant as ye are now."

A desperate effort at a laugh here brought on a fit of coughing that lasted a couple of minutes.

"Who is it?" said I. "Where are they?"

A significant gesture with his thumb over his shoulder was the only reply to my question, while he barked out—"Don't you see me coughing the inside out of me."

I started up, and—without attending to Paul's suggestion to bring my friends in, or O'Grady's advice to be cautious if it were Burke—hurried outside, where a servant of the house was in waiting to conduct me.

"Two gentlemen in the drawing-room, sir," said he, as he preceded me down the corridor.

The next instant the door opened, and I saw my father, accompanied by another person, who, being wrapped up in travelling equipment, I could not recognise.

"My dear father," said I, rushing towards him; when suddenly I stopped short, as I perceived that, instead of the affectionate welcome I looked for, he had crossed his hands behind his back, and fixed on me a look of stern displeasure.

"What does this mean?" said I, in amazement; "it was not thus I expected——"

"It was not thus I hoped to have received my son," said he resolutely, "after a long and eventful separation. But this is too painful to endure longer. Answer me, and with the same truth I have always found in you—is there a young lady in this house called Miss Bellew?"

"Yes, sir," said I, as a cold perspiration broke over me, and I could scarcely support myself.

"Did you make her acquaintance in Ireland?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you, at that time, use every effort to win her affections, and give her to understand that she had yours?"

"Yes, sir," said I, more faintly than before; for already some horrible doubt was creeping on my mind.

"And have you now, sir," continued he, in a voice elevated to a higher pitch—"have you now, sir, when a prospect of a richer alliance presents itself, dishonored yourself and my name, by deserting the girl whose affections you have so gained?"

"No, sir—that is untrue."

"Stop, young man! I have one at hand this moment who may compel you to retract your words as shamefully as you have boldly said them. Do you know this gentleman?"

"Father Loftus!" said I, starting back in astonishment, as the good priest unfolded a huge comforter from his throat, and stood forth.

"Yes, indeed—no other," said he, in a voice of great sadness: "and sorry I am to see you in this way."

"You, surely, my dear friend," said I,—"you cannot believe thus harshly of me?"

"If it wasn't for your hand writing, I'd not have believed the pope of Rome," was his reply, as he wiped his eye. "But there it is."

So saying, he handed to me, with trembling fingers, a letter bearing the Paris post-mark.

I tore it open, and found it was written in my own name, and addressed to Father Loftus, informing him of my deep regret that, having discovered the unhappy circumstance of her mother's conduct, I was obliged to relinquish all thoughts of an alliance with Miss Bellew's family, whose connection with my own had been so productive of heavy misfortune. This also contained an open note, to be handed by the priest to Miss Bellew, in which I was made formally to renounce her hand, for reasons in the possession of Father Loftus.

In a second the truth flashed across me, from whom this plot proceeded; and scarcely permitting myself time to read the letter through, I called out—

"This is a forgery! I never wrote it—never saw it before!"

"What!" said my father, starting round, and fixing his eye on the priest.

"You never wrote it?" echoed Father Tom. "Do you say so? Is that your word as a gentleman?"

"It is," said I firmly. "This day—this very day, I have asked Miss Bellew to be my wife, and she has consented."

Before my father could seize my hand, the good priest had thrown his arms round my neck, and given me an embrace that a bear might have envied. The scene that followed I cannot describe. My poor father, quite overpowered, sat down upon a chair, holding my hand within both of his; while Father Tom bustled about the room, looking into all the glass and china ornaments for something to drink, as his mouth he said, was like a lime-burner's hat. The honest fellow, it appeared, on receiving the letters signed with my name, left his home the same night, and travelled with all speed to London, where he found my father just on the eve of leaving for Paris. Very little persuasion was necessary to induce him to continue his journey further. On their arrival at Paris, they had gone to O'Grady's hotel, where securing Corny's services, they lost not a moment in tracking me out in the manner I have mentioned.

O'Grady's surprise was little inferior to my own, as I introduced General Hinton and Father Loftus; but as to Mr. Rooney, he actually believed the whole; and even when candles were brought, and he had taken a patient survey of the priest, he was far from crediting that my parent was not performed by deputy, till my father's tact and manner convinced him of his mistake.

While the priest was recounting some circumstances of his journey, I took occasion to tell my father of O'Grady's intentions regarding Julia, which with all the warmth of his nature he at once responded to; and touching his glass gaily with Phil's, merely added—"with my best wishes." Poor O'Grady caught up the meaning at once, and grasped his hand with enthusiasm, while the tears started to his eyes.

It would lead me too far—and perhaps where the good nature of my reader might not follow me—were I to speak more of that happy evening. It is enough to say that Father Loftus won every moment on my father, who also was delighted with the hearty raciness of honest Paul. Their stores of pleasantry and fun—so new to him—were poured forth with profusion; and a party, every member of which was more disposed to like each other, and be pleased, never met together.

I myself, however, was not without my feeling of impatience to reach the drawing-room, which I took the first favorable opportunity of effecting; only then perceiving that O'Grady had anticipated me, having stolen away some time before.

CHAPTER LXII.

CONCLUSION.

It would be even more wearisome to my reader, than the fact was worrying to myself, were I to recount the steps by which my father communicated to Lady Charlotte the intended marriages, and finally obtained her consent to both. Fortunately, for some time previous she had been getting tired of Paris, and was soon brought to suppose that these little family arrangements were so much "got up" to afford her an agreeable surprise, and a healthful stimulant to her weak nerves, as for any other cause whatever. With Mrs. Rooney, on the other hand, there was considerable difficulty. The holy alliance she had contracted with the sovereigns, had suggested so much of grandeur to her expectations, that she dreamed of nothing but archdukes and counts of the empire; and was at first quite inexorable at the bare idea of the "*mesalliance*," that awaited her ward. A chance decided what resisted every species of argument. Corny Delany, who had been sent with a note to Mr. Rooney, happened to be waiting in the hall while Mrs. Rooney passed out to her carriage, escorted by the "Tartar" of whom we have already made mention. Mrs. Rooney was communicating her orders to her bearded attendant, by a code of signals on her fingers, when Corny, who watched the proceeding with increasing impatience, exclaimed—

"Arrah! can't you tell the man what you want? Sure, though you have him dressed like a wild baste he doesn't forget English."

"It is a Tartar," said Mrs. Rooney, with a contemptuous sneer at Corny, and a forbidding wave of her hand ordaining silence.

"A Tarther! Oh, blessed Timothy, there's a name for one that comes of decent people. He's a country Carlow man, and well known he is in the same parts. Many a writ he served—eh, Tim?"

"Tim," said Mrs. Rooney in horror, as she beheld her wild-looking friend grin from ear to ear with a most fearful significance of what he heard.

"It wasn't my fault, ma'am, at all," said the Tartar with a very Dublin accent in the words—"it was the master made me."

What further explanation Tim might have afforded, it is difficult to say, for Mrs. Rooney's nerves had received too severe and too sudden a shock. A horrible fear lest all the kingly and royal personages by whom she had been for some weeks surrounded might only turn out to be Carlow men, or something as unsubstantial, beset her—a dreadful unbelief of every thing and every body seized upon her, and, quite overcome, she fainted. O'Grady, who happened to come up at the instant, learned the whole secret at once, and with his wonted readiness resolved to profit by it. Mrs. Paul returned to the drawing-room, and ere half an hour was fully persuaded that as General Hinton was about to return to Ireland as commander of the forces, the alliance was, on the whole, not so deplorable as she had feared.

To reconcile so many conflicting interests, to conciliate so many totally opposite characters, was a work I should completely have failed in without O'Grady's assistance. He, however, entered upon it *con amore*; and under his auspices, not only did Lady Charlotte receive the visits of Father Tom Loftus, but Mr. Paul became actually a favorite with my cousin Julia; and finally, the grand catastrophe of the drama was accomplished, and my lady mother proceeded in all state to wait on Mrs. Rooney herself, who, whatever her previous pretensions, was so awed by the condescension of her ladyship's manner, that she actually struck her colors, at the first broadside.

Weddings are stupid things in reality, but on paper they are detestable. Not even the *Morning Post* can give them a touch of interest. I shall not, then, trouble my reader with any narrative of white satin and orange-flowers, bouquets, breakfasts, and Bishop Luscombe; neither shall I entertain him with the article in the French *Feuilleton*, as to which of the two brides was the more strictly beautiful, and which more lovely.

Having introduced my reader to certain acquaintances—some of them rather equivocal ones, I confess—I ought perhaps to add a word of their future fortunes.

Mr. Ulick Burke escaped to America, where, by the exercise of his abilities and natural sharpness, he accumulated a large fortune; and, distinguished by his anti-English prejudices, became a leading member of Congress.

[illegible] the earth, carrying on [illegible] which all their ac[illegible] was presented, the [illegible]

Of Lord Dudley de Vere I am sure the world has heard long enough, if not to benefit by his experiences, to take advantage of Lord Brougham's change in the law of imprisonment for debt. I saw his name in a late number of *The Times*, with a debt of some fifteen thousand annexed to it, against which his available property was eleven pounds odd shillings.

Father Loftus sleeps in Murranakilty. No stone marks his resting-place: but not a peasant's foot, for many a mile round, has not pressed the little pathway that leads to his grave, to offer up a prayer for a good man, and a friend to the poor.

Tipperary Joe is to be met on the Kilkenny road. His old red coat, now nearly russet color, is torn and ragged; the top-boots have given place to bare legs, as well tanned as their predecessors; but his merry voice and cheerful "Tallyho!" are still as rich as of yore, and his heart, poor fellow! as light as ever it was.

Corny Delany is the amiable proprietor of a hotel in the neighborhood of [illegible], where his habitual courtesy and amenity are as conspicuous as of yore. He has requested me to take this opportunity of recommending his establishment to the "Haythens and Turks" that yearly perform tours in his vicinity.

The Rooneys live, and are as hospitable as ever. I dare not venture to give their address, lest you should take advantage of the information.

O'Grady and his wife are now at Malta.

Jack Hinton and his are, as they have every right to be—

Your very grateful obedient servants.

ENVOY.

MY DEAR FRIENDS—You must often have witnessed in the half-hour which precludes departure from a dinner-party, the species of quiet bustle leave-taking produces. The low-voiced announcement of Mr. Somebody's carriage—the whispered good night, the bow, the slide, the half-pressed finger, and he is gone. Another and another succeed him, and the few who linger on turn ever towards the opening door, and while they affect to seem at ease, are cursing their coachmen and wondering at the delay.

The position of the host on such an occasion, is precisely that of the author at the close of a tale: the same doubts are his, whether the entertainment he has provided has pleased his guests; whether the persons he has introduced to each other are mutually satisfied;—and, finally, the same solitude which visits him who "treads alone some banquet-hall deserted," settles down upon the weary writer, who watches one by one the spirits he has conjured up depart for ever; and, worse still, see the tie snapped that for so long a period had bound him to his readers, and while they have turned to other and newer sources of amusement, he is left to brood over the time when they walked together, and his voice was heard amongst them.

Like all who look back, he sees how much better he could have done, were he again to live over the past. He regrets many an opportunity of interesting you lost for ever—many an occasion to amuse which may never occur again. It is thus that somehow—insensibly, I believe—a kind of sadness creeps over one at the end of a volume: misgivings as to success, mingle with sorrows for the loss of our accustomed studies; and, altogether, the author is little to be envied, who, having enjoyed your sympathy and good wishes for twelve months, finds himself at last at the close of the year—at the limit of your kindness, and obliged to say "Good-by!" even though it condemns him to solitude.

I did wish, before parting with you at this season, to justify myself before you, for certain things which my critics have laid to my charge; but, on second thoughts, I have deemed it better to say nothing, lest, by my defence against manslaughter, a new indictment should be framed, and convict me of murder.

Such is the simple truth. The faults—the very great faults of my book I am as well aware of, as I feel myself unable to correct them. But, in justice to my monitors, I must say, that they have less often taken me up when tripping, than when I stood erect upon good and firm ground. Yet, let me be grateful for all their kindness, which, for critics, is certainly long-lived, and that I may still continue for a season to enjoy their countenance and yours, is the most sincere desire of your very devoted servant,

HARRY LORREQUER.

The Olio.

A LONG COURTSHIP FINALLY CONCLUDED.—In Locke, Cayuga county, N. Y., on the 23d of November, by Levi Henry, Esq., Seth Stevens, Esq., of Hartford, Cortland county, to Miss Sylvia Heath, daughter of Benjamin Heath, Esq., of the former place. This interesting marriage took place after a nineteen years' courtship! Mr. Stevens is a man of 61 years of age, and the fair bride 51. The young bridegroom has visited his bride once a month during the above mentioned time, which amounts to 232 visits, a distance of 20 miles, which will make 9,820 miles travel, occupying 464 days. The stripling and his "ladye love," probably had ample time to become acquainted.

MAINZER, in his "Singing for the Million," states that in the mountains of the Tyrol, hundreds of the women and children come out when it is near bed time, and sing their national songs, until they hear their husbands, fathers, or brothers answering them from the hills, on their return home. On the shores of the Adriatic Sea, the wives of the fishermen come down to the beach about sunset, and sing a melody from Tasso's Gerusalemme Liberata. They sing the first verse and then listen for some time; they then sing the second verse, and listen until they hear the answer come from the fishermen, who are thus guided by the sounds to their own village.

T. F. MARSHALL AND THE BARREL.—The western papers relate the following anecdote: An opponent of this gentleman, some few years since, exhibited his political gagging by informing the crowd, which he was addressing, that his father was a cooper, and his father had made many a barrel for them. Mr. Marshall, in reply, indulged in the following strain: "Fellow citizens, I have no doubt that Mr. P.'s (his opponent's) father was a cooper, a first rate cooper—a glorious cooper—a perfect smasher of a cooper, and has made you many a good barrel; but, fellow citizens, he made one barrel (pointing to P.) in which he forgot to put a *good head*."

THE BOND OF HONESTY.—"How can you and Dr. Erskine be such friends?" was a question put to an ultra-convivial Scottish judge; "no two men could be so unlike each other." "Because he is an honest saint, and I am an honest sinner," was the answer. The perfect knowledge of each other's honesty and singleness of purpose, is a bond broad enough to unite many discordant elements.—*Westminster Review.*

CONFIDENCE IN THE CAPTAIN.—The steamboat Neptune lately struck a snag in the Mississippi, and being in a sinking condition, the captain rushed into the cabin exclaiming, "Gentlemen, by heavens, the boat will be under in five minutes." Some fellow engaged in rolling out a box of specie, roared out in imploring tones, "Good gracious, captain, *can't you give us ten?*"

HOW TO DRIVE OFF TROUBLE.—Set about doing good to somebody—put on your hat and go visit the sick and poor—inquire into their wants and minister to them. Seek out the desolate and oppressed, and tell them of the consolations of religion. I have often tried this method, and have always found it the best medicine for a heavy heart.—*John Howard.*

JUDGES AND LAWYERS.—Dr. Franklin thought the judges ought to be appointed by the lawyers; for, added the shrewd old man, in Scotland, where this practice prevails, they always select the ablest member of the profession, in order to get rid of him, and to share his practice among themselves.

COLDS, COLDS, COUGH, SNEEZE, HAZZEN-no!—Unhealthy weather; we never heard so many complaining of colds. For our part, we have the ague, the bilious, the headache and twenty teeth aching at once. We can laugh through it all, but can't write.—*Cecil Whig.*

POLITE PREACHING.—A certain preacher, when treating on the subject of repentance, said: "My dear hearers, you must repent! I enjoin it upon you again to repent; if you do not, you will go to a place which it would be improper to mention in this polite assembly."

JEALOUSY is a monster which feeds on its own vitals—engenders its own trials—multiplies its own cares—destroys its own enjoyments—and mixes its poison in every neighbor's dish—a torch which fires its own dwelling in order to destroy another's.

LIFE.—Life has often been compared to a stream. For grief murmurs—anger roars—and impatience frets. But happiness, like a calm river, flows on in quiet sunlight, without an eddy or a fall to mark the rushing on of time towards eternity.

HE THAT defers his charity till he is dead, is (if a man weighs it rightly) rather liberal of another man's than of his own. A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore, let him seasonably water the one and destroy the other.—*Bacon.*

AN AGREEABLE DRINK.—Take a can and fill it with fresh spring water from the nearest pump. Serve up in a clean tumbler, and drink only as much as may be agreeable.

IF YOU FALL in with a girl that loves you, marry her: and seek not perfection in woman kind, for unless you are perfect, you have no right to expect perfection.

☞ "There is an opening for somebody," as the Kentuckian said, when a crocodile expanded his jaws and looked hungry.

Juvenile Department

FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

The answer to J. L.'s enigma of January 7th, is "Madam." I hope that J. L. does not intend to make us believe that his enigma is original. If so, I must inform your readers that it is not so. It appeared in an Almanac published about 1831 or '32. I do not recollect the name of the Almanac, but it was published in this city if I am not much mistaken. E. H. H.

THE ANSWER to the first enigma in paper of January 7th, is "JOSE IGNACIO DEMARQUE." Solutions—Jar—Orange—Sun—Ear—Indigo—Goose—Nose—Ace—Condor—Isaac—Cat—Dog—Erie—Mouse—Air—Roc—Quince—Urn—Emu—Sand. E. H. H.

THE ANSWER to the Classical Enigma in paper of December 31st, is "AUGUSTUS OCTAVIANUS CÆSAR."